JULY 8 — 14, 1978

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MIDDLE CLASS WORKING WOMEN: The Drudgery Is Real, The Glamour A Myth

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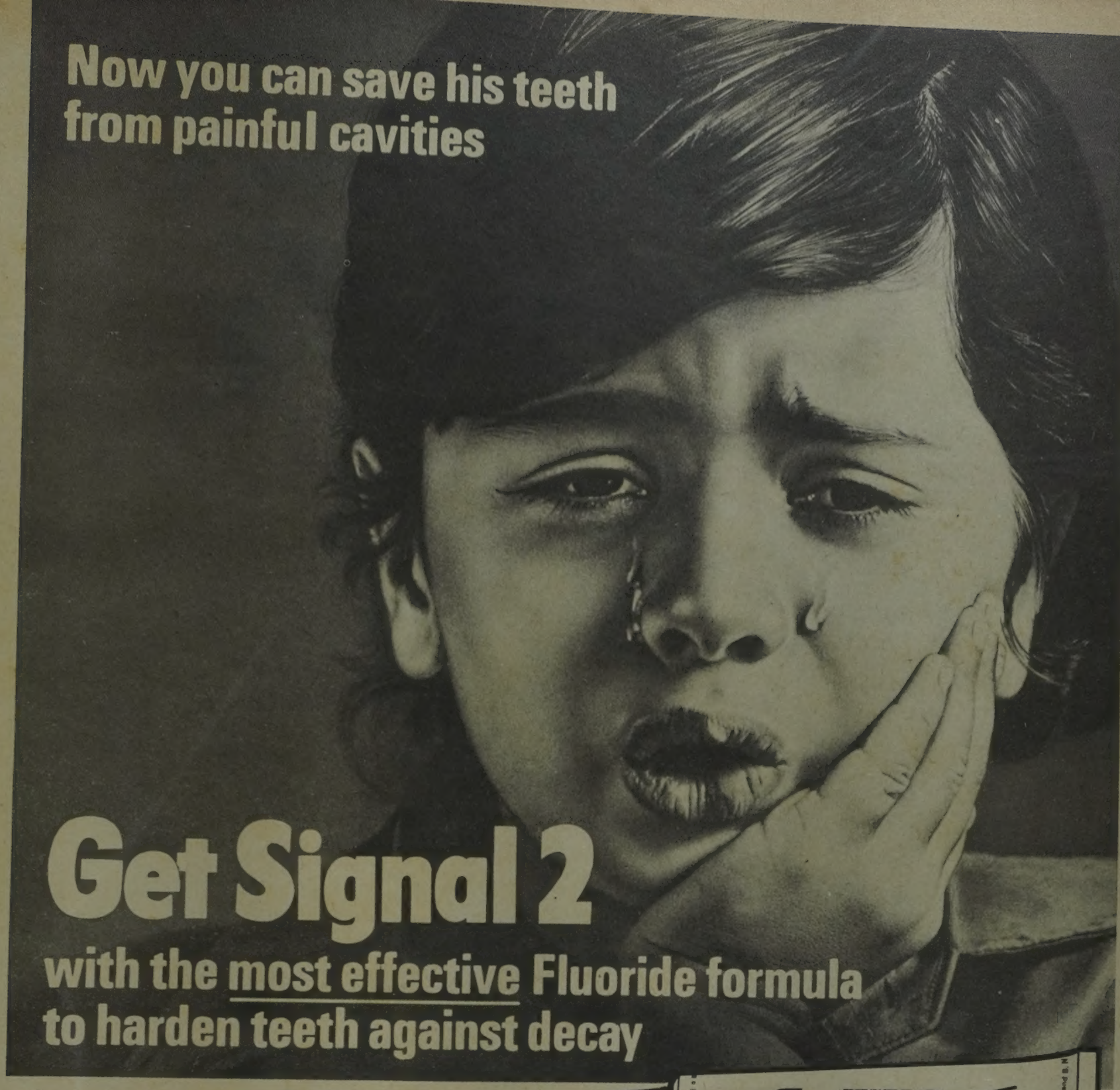

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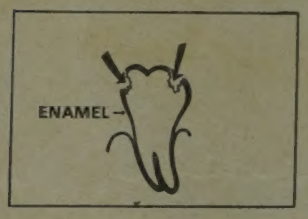
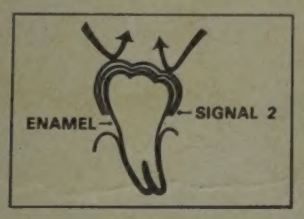
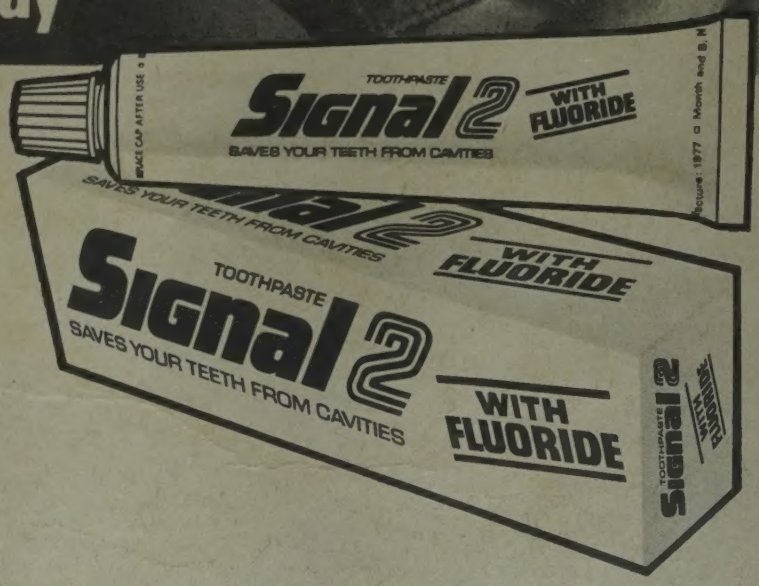


Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



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Comfit 'cares for you

LAJU GORWANI

An up-and-coming model, young and pretty 18-year-old Laju is an example of today's trendy teenager. Full of life and enthusiasm, Laju has one problem — wanting to do so much! At present she is doing her F.Y.B.Com from H. R. College of Commerce. She acquired a Diploma in Personality Development and did a course in modelling in her spare time.

Laju has a flair for art — designing, flower arrangement and interior decoration — anything that is creative. She has won a number of prizes in flower arrangement, elocution competitions and various sports in her school career. A girl with many interests, she loves travelling and like most teenagers of today she enjoys western music and dancing.

She is bent on furthering her career as a popular model or taking up a job with the airlines after graduation.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

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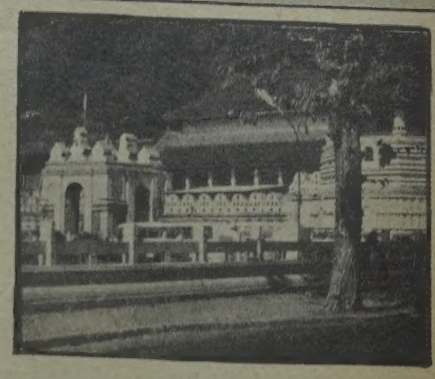
this week

SRI LANKA'S GENTLE ART

Tourism is an art Sri Lanka has perfected, say two seasoned travel writers. Not only are tourists made welcome, and the facilities offered to them impeccable, but all the formalities like customs and immigration are made as easy and smooth as possible.

Page 8.



MIDDLE CLASS WORKING WOMEN:

The drudgery is real, the glamour a myth

For many people, the world of the working woman appears to be one full of excitement and glamour, stimulating people to meet and interesting things to do. For many middle class working women, however, this world is a myth. Reality for them is the drudgery of a dull, drab job, which they are forced to hang on to out of sheer economic necessity, and the duties at home, which they continue to have to shoulder alone.

Page 10.

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

How about surprising the family with a delightful dessert tonight? Just follow the four simple steps we provide and you can whip up "Shaman's Tropical Pudding" with just a handful of ingredients in next to no time.

Page 17.

ANTIQUATED EDUCATION

The 10+2+3 system was meant to be a radical innovation to fight the malaise that has crept over our educational system. However, the implementation leaves much to be desired. Much criticism has already been levelled at the new scheme, the focus being on the unplanned and haphazard way in which it was introduced. But even more deplorable is the fact that it fails to break new ground in the context of our educational system.

Page 40.

ALSO

Door to door sales: Householders are often unnecessarily rude to girls in this difficult profession — **Page 16** News Bulletin: For women, about women — **Page 19** Film Interview: Vinod Mehra, marriage hasn't made much difference to his lifestyle — **Page 21** Walk in the Shadows: Concluding chapter of the Mills & Boon novel — **Page 22** Eve Today: Kamalini Bhansali, registrar of S.N.D.T. Women's University — **Page 33** Profile: Smita Shastry, taking dance to the under-privileged — **Page 36** Quiz Contest 33 — **Page 43** Answers to Quiz Contest 2 — **Page 45.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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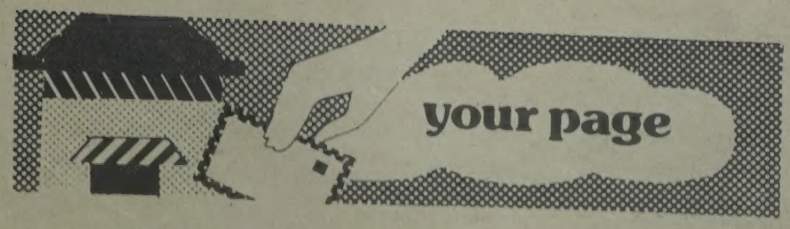
Smooth and glowing

Three exquisite shades

Delightfully perfumed

Lakmé — the people who know skin.



Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

MIND YOUR SEX

It appears to be that women have messed up this whole business of achieving liberation by laying too much emphasis on sexual freedom. In fact girls abroad say they **have** to sleep around in order to gain acceptance! But by degrading our sexual status to that of unpaid prostitutes, are we helping ourselves? The aim of Women's Lib is to force the world to recognise and respect woman as a human being in her own right, to stress that she's not man's and society's slave. And a total human being is made up of more than sexual needs.

There are women who are highly sexual and need to sleep around. Such women should not be condemned. But a woman who goes to bed with a man merely to gain acceptance in society is as much a slave as she was before the advent of Women's Lib, and is also a traitor to the movement. It is an acknowledged fact that sex is a greater force in a man's life than in a woman's. By increasing his chances of satisfying it easily, we have merely played into men's hands. Princess Margaret's boyfriend, when asked about his plans for marriage, is reported to have said that he would only marry a woman who was prepared to do what he wanted. In other words, somebody who would be his slave!

The only way to get men to see us as individuals in our own right is to use our sexual freedom with discrimination. Let us respect ourselves enough not to indulge in meaningless sex. Only then will we gain men's respect. Once this hurdle is overcome, liberation in the other vital areas of our life will soon follow.

Pushpalatha Prabhu, Bombay

While we agree that women must not flaunt or misuse their sexual freedom, there is no real evidence that this is being done. If at all, sexual freedom is perhaps 'over-done' only by the negligible few who do not really count. By and large, the average, educated woman, while championing Women's Lib, still observes sexual decorum.

2nd prize

DEATH AND LIFE

To die with dignity and grace — what a beautiful way to make one's exit from life. To give in to death fearlessly needs courage and discipline of mind of a high order, which is by far superior to valour on the battlefield, where one is at the peak of physical and mental fitness as against the nadir touched at one's deathbed. These people throw a challenge to death itself. The desire for life is inherent in everyone and the knowlege of its imminent loss either through disease or other enforced circumstances makes most people cling to it desperately. Death, which rings down the curtain on life, is a dreaded event because of its finality. Even the most mature and strong-minded disintegrate before the physical annihilation.

It is against this backdrop that euthanasia or mercy-killing gains ground, but which law forbids. Prolonging the life of a patient who has reached the point of no return, by artificial means, is increasingly finding disfavour with many people. The parents, of a girl in New Jersey, who was in a coma for three years, won a court ruling that she should be deprived of the life-support respirator and allowed to die peacefully. Some may hold the parents guilty on this score. Had the girl been in a less affluent country and not from a rich family, could her life have been prolonged artificially in the absence of sophisticated life props? No. She would have died a natural death without raising any ethical issues.

Great scientific discoveries should be harnessed for the progress of mankind without impairing enduring moral and aesthetic values of life.

Miss E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

Euthanasia is a double-edged sword — it can be dangerously used. We feel life is too precious, too filled with hope to cut it off at the least little excuse. Only in the most extreme cases, where the very act of prolonging life itself becomes a torture, should mercy killing be resorted to.

3rd prize

WE MEN?

All growth, say the great thinkers, is marked by pain and this, if recent reports are to be believed, seems to be true of Women's Lib, too. According to recent research, ambition, stress, power and anxiety — concomitants of competing with men at work — are turning women into men. There is evidence to show that women in stress situations suffer from thinning hair, deepening voice, excess hair on chest and last, but not the least, infertility and increased sex drive. It sounds alarming but seems possible and, considered from the long term point of view, may well be inevitable! Evolution brings in its train changes that are undreamt of in our here-and-now, time-bound philosophies. Test-tube babies, the cloning of man and, above all, the amazing adoptive power of Nature may yet make a mockery of masculinity and femininity. If this seems far-fetched, let us remember the worker-bees which, in the absence of the queen-bee, have been known to lay eggs and thus conserve their race!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

We are not so sure if all this 'evidence' and 'research' is not the work of perverse males who want to "frighten off" women and send them scuttling back to their babies and their kitchens ! However, the prospect, if inevitable, will have to be faced. But what if the continuing 'ambition drive' of the women leads to a reversal of roles? Will the men begin to have luxuriant tresses, soprano voices, smooth chins and a deplenished sex drive?

BOILING POINT

A recent news item reported that twelve nurses were compelled to immerse their hands in boiling water, to prove their innocence of the theft of a gold ring belonging to their tutor. All the twelve sustained serious burns. This reminds us of the atrocious practices that were once deep-rooted in our country but which, thanks to the British rulers, were mostly eradicated. I wonder now, if we are going back to that old barbarian era. The tutor and the sadhu responsible for the fate of these poor girls should be punished in public. Many girls from different states reach various training centres in the hope of becoming trained nurses to serve their people and the country. If this is the fate that awaits them, how can their parents be expected to send their children out to embark on careers?

Mrs. Sally George, Kerala.

This was, undoubtedly, a harrowing experience. But we have always maintained that working women go through a lot to be able to make their way, in a man's world. It's literally an agni pariksha — and women must, and do, come out of it victorious.

READER'S VOICE

MARRIAGE RITUALS

While your issue on Marriage Rituals (May 27) was highly commendable and served to reveal a different aspect of this institution in India, let me point out one omission that was made. The Kerala Nair marriage, which is unique in its form, was not mentioned anywhere. The Nair family is a matriarchal one where the wife has the right to choose the place of stay, which is usually with her parents. The dowry system does not exist in the Nair community, but women enjoy property rights.
(Usha Murthi, Cochin)

* * *

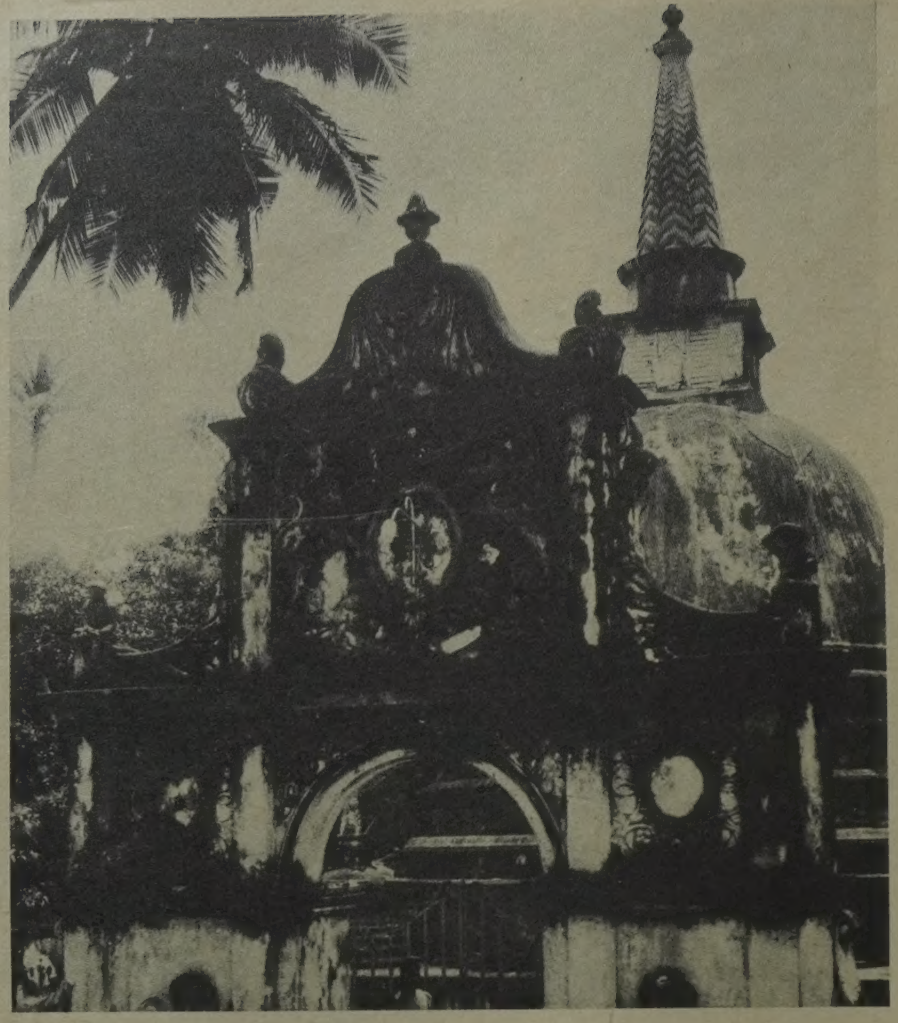
May I point out an error in your issue on Marriage Rituals? Under Kayasths, you have said that they have so far been an exceptional community in terms of not accepting dowry. This is not altogether true. It is only the Mathurs who don't practice the dowry system. Other Kayasths certainly do.
(Kumud Mathur, Bombay)

COOKERY CONTEST

I would like to bring to your attention the fact that the recipe for "Tutti Fruitti Pudding with Orange Foam Sauce," for which Mrs. Ann Aranjo of Bombay won the "Weekly Winner" prize (June 10) is copied from The Cookery Year published by the Readers' Digest Association Ltd.
(R. Kothari Bombay)

NOVELTIES

I have noticed two things in your issue of June 17 which I appreciate. One is the Folk Tale on the Children's Page, which is a nice change from Omphy Momphy. And the other is the Step-by-Step Cookery instructions which I found very helpful. I hope to see more of both these features. (S. Vaidya, Madras)



Sri Lanka's BOOMING TOURIST TRADE

Hugh and Colleen Gantzer

Imagination, intelligently applied, has given little Sri Lanka's tourist trade an upsurge India may well emulate

Tourism is like friendship; the less you have to hide, the more you have. Which sounds like a contradiction, but it isn't really. Look around you: what sort of person has the most friends, genuine friends? The secretive, indrawn, suspicious-of-her-own-shadow sort of person can count her friends on the fingers of one hand; people just do not feel happy in her company, they do not relate to her, they do not visit her. But the out-going person. . . even if she's poor and slightly scatter-brained and not a little irresponsible. . . she's the one who always has streams of friends dropping in at all times of the day. Why? Because she has little to hide, and people know it, and they warm to it.

It's the same with tourism. The totalitarian countries with secret police and barbed wire and restricted travel permits have no rush of tourists. People tour to see people, places, things. And so if a country presents a warm, outgoing, open image the tourists of the world will flock in and bring their dollars, their marks, their yens and their friendship with them.

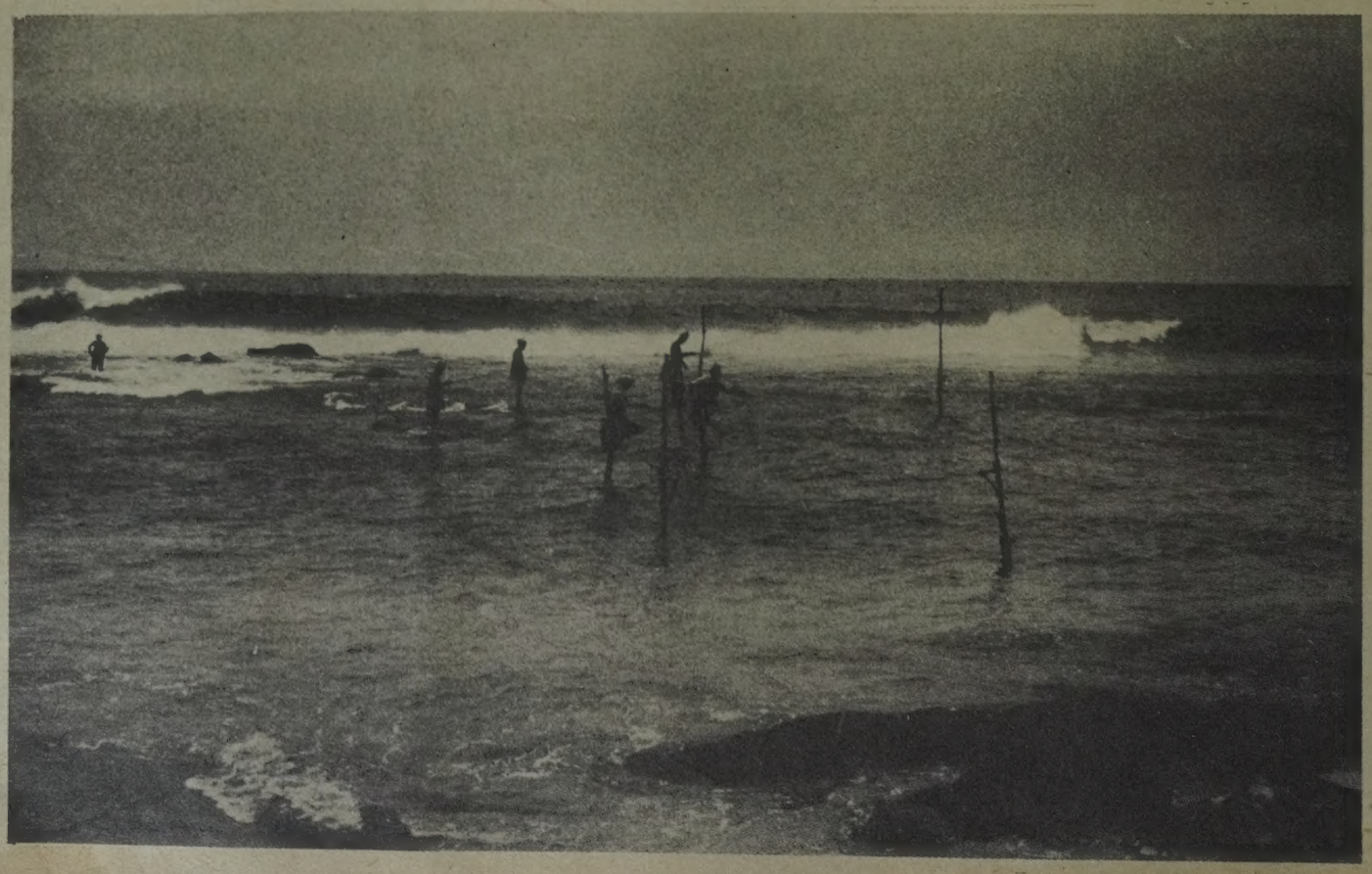
One such little country with a booming tourist trade is our tiny, resplendent neighbour: the warm and friendly isle of Sri Lanka.

Friendliness is what impresses you from the moment you land. We took the sea route, three hours and Rs. 50 from Rameshwaram to Talaimannar and felt it right away. We had to face the same uniformed officials in Talaimannar as we had faced in Rameshwaram, and in almost the same uniforms too, but that's where the resemblance ended. On our side they treated us with haughty, official suspicion; on the other side they were quick, smiling, courteous. And even when they had a large Alsatian to sniff out contraband from hippies' back packs, even then it was all done with a "sorry-for-the-inconvenience-madam" air. First impressions count and that first impression counted a lot.

And that is the way it is all down the line. In contrast to the state of affairs in our country, there is very little woolly thinking about tourism in Sri Lanka. Take the case of the National Holiday Resorts.

The Sri Lanka Tourist Board, in consultation with experts in the field, searches for, and identifies places of potential tourist appeal. The Government then moves in and develops the area: roads, electricity, water, communications. Only then does it throw the development open to private enterprise: and there are many takers. But. . . and this is important. . . the tourist authorities ensure that home tourism and foreign tourism

LEFT: A British lion and unicorn crest crowns a Buddhist Dagoba. Sri Lanka uses the virtues of its colonial past to attract tourists.



RIGHT: The stilt fishermen of Welligama have been effectively projected in Sri Lanka's tourist posters and literature. Our picturesque regional customs bloom in secret.

grow side by side. National Holiday Resorts cater to both types of tourists. As a very senior official of the Sri Lanka Tourist Board explained it: "If the government does not step in to do the initial development, why should private enterprise take the risk?" Why, indeed? And we hope our tourism officials are listening, very carefully.

Even the Air Force has got into the spirit of things. Realising that every air-crew officer needs flying hours, they decided to combine sound business with duty. They spent part of their Defence Budget in acquiring helicopters and other aircraft for strictly civilian use. And so, today, the Commercial Wing of the Sri Lanka Air Force runs Helitours for tourists and will even fly you to the beaches of Male. That's what a Third Airline is all about: a strictly tourist-oriented venture based on sound economic principles. Our DG Civil Aviation, who is doing a study on our proposed Third Airline, might be interested in the Sri Lanka venture.

There is also a great deal of in-fighting in India between the travel agents and the hotel chains. The travel agents say that the hotel chains are twisting their arms and the hoteliers make counter-allegations. Well, we didn't hear much of this in Sri Lanka. But that is probably because the travel agents have gone into the hotel business. The three major travel agents have built their own hotels in places where the hoteliers could not give them the facilities they needed. Thanks to this astute move, their tours run smoothly. Their coaches keep their hotels full and their hotels keep their coaches full. The only people who have done something similar in India are the Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation: their coach tours keep their chain of Tourist Bungalows full, and their Tourist Bungalows keep their coach tours operating with the minimum of hassles. But when, oh when, will the rest of Indian tourism learn the lessons of the TTDC and Sri Lanka?

The secret of Sri Lanka's tourism success is the quickness of their response. Realising that with the tourist boom there would be a need for trained hotel staff, the Government-run Hotel and Tourism College restructured its courses. Now, at every level of every course, the student has to go out and work in a recognised hotel for a specified period. And you cannot commence the next level of the course unless you have a certificate from the hotel confirming that you have completed your practical work-experience successfully. The result is that theoretical studies are fortified by practical experience; it is no longer infra dig to work with one's hands, and the hotels of Sri Lanka have a constant supply of eager young people full of the enthusiasm to do their best. And, as a refreshing change from our graduate obsession, the basic qualification for all courses in the College is 'O' level: the equivalent of our High School Certificate, or whatever it will be called in our numbers-game, ever-changing education system!

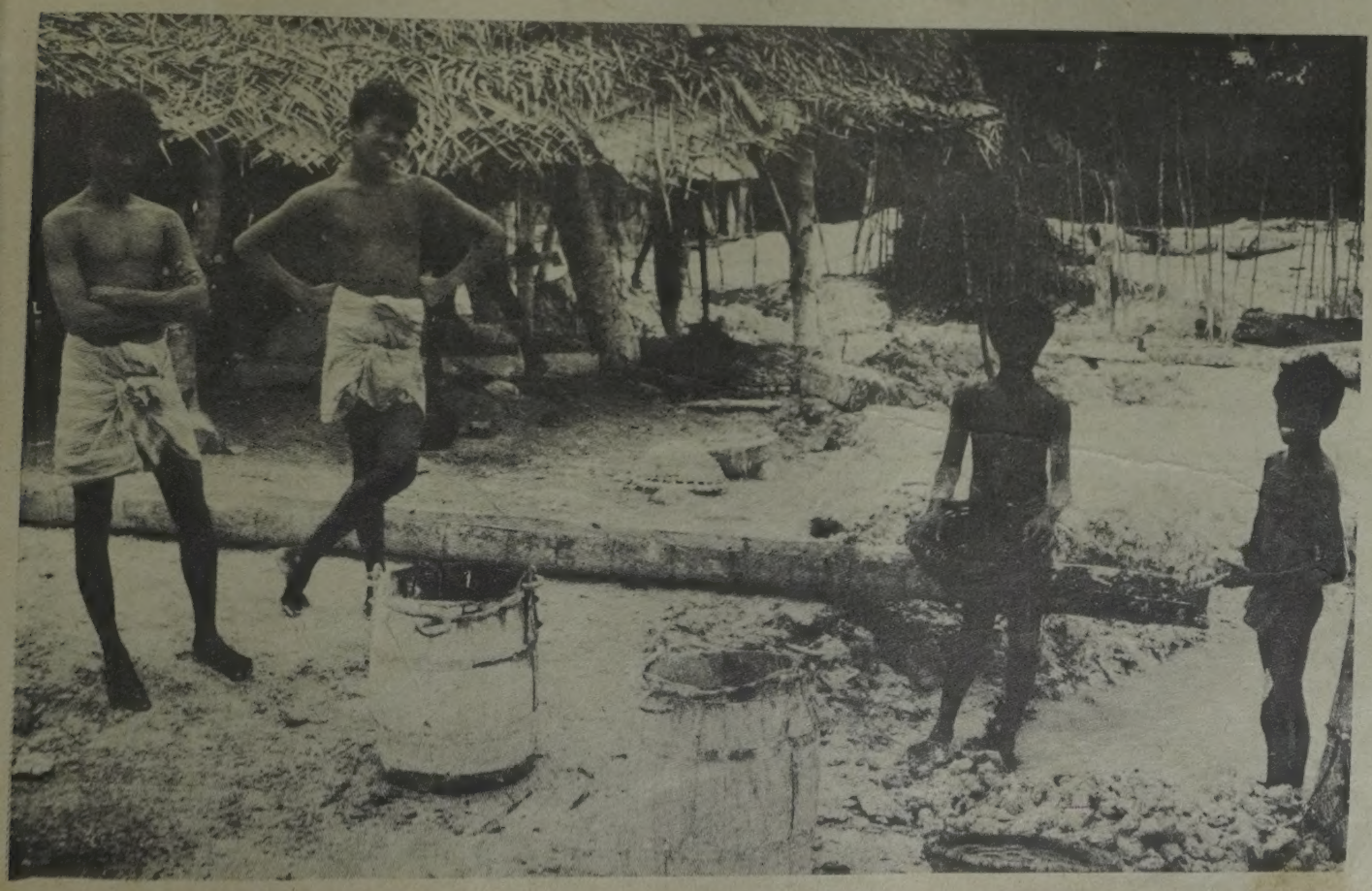
Sri Lanka has made extensive use of her beaches. In the beach resort of Hikkadua, where they have protected coral gardens, we counted ten hotels built in a stretch of 500 paces of beach; and more were coming up. Flying from Cochin to Bombay, recently, we observed the beautiful stretches of golden sand, secluded coves and wooded islets that extended down the whole length of our West Coast. We spoke to a senior official of the Maharashtra Tourism Development Corporation and found him most enthusiastic about the development of the Konkan Coast. But it is important to learn Sri Lanka's lesson: beach resorts need not be expensive affairs. Most beach hotels in Sri Lanka use local materials and a minimum of glass, chrome and so-called five-star comforts. One beach hotel was merely a barrack-like row of rooms. But all the rooms were raised on wooden decks so that the sand from the beach blew under the rooms and not into them. Another hotel was built in rambling hacienda style but the entire stretch of land from the rooms to the beach was covered in young trees: branches trimmed to man-height and an unbroken green canopy above. The total effect, for some strange reason, was indescribably comforting. We could easily do better in India but we must use our imaginations and we must break away from the stereotyped ideas of what a hotel should be.

Come to think of it, it is imagination intelligently applied that has given little Sri Lanka a tourist density far in excess of ours. Tourism, today, is Sri Lanka's fourth-ranking foreign-exchange earner and, as the government of Sri Lanka has realised, it is the one industry that any nation can control within fine limits. In the last analysis, the major by-product of tourism, and friendship, is goodwill. Three times a week, chartered aircraft full of tourists overfly India, land in Sri Lanka, and fly back over India a short while later. That, to us, is a lot of potential goodwill flying away!

They say our Foreign Policy has won us an increasing circle of international friends. That's excellent. So let's make them welcome and ask them to drop in when they're passing our way, heading for Sri Lanka...

RIGHT: The Temple of the Tooth, Kandy. Sri Lanka's religious centres are free from the gross commercial exploitation that plagues most Indian shrines.

BELOW: The moonstone mines of Sri Lanka are widely publicised. India does little to tap the tourist potential of her gem industries.



WORKING WOMEN:

a raw deal at home

Most working women find that their taking up jobs neither improves their status at home nor lessens the burden of their domestic chores

Renuka Suryanarayan

We read a lot about working women enjoying equality at home, but most of those who claim to do so are from the upper strata of society. Their easy adjustment tells us very little about the plight of the average middle class working wives, who form the bulk of working women. These are the ones who are trapped because they are bound to their jobs out of necessity and they have no choice if the burden becomes too much.

Many housewives feel that having a job is the only way to have or even to expect equality. They acquire an inferiority complex because they do not earn and they don't place much value on their housework. (A recent survey abroad has valued the work of a housewife at Rs. 800 p.m.) I wonder, do career women get a better deal? Do working women enjoy equal status at home? These questions led me to talk with several middle class working women. I met them outside and at home and tried to discover how their career helps their domestic standing.

Ganga, a lecturer at a University, says bitterly, "Pay checks are not synonymous with equality. It takes a lot more than that for a woman to achieve a better status." Mrs. Joshi, a telephone monitor, wonders if "women's status at home will ever change."

Mrs. Patwardhan, who has been working as a telephone operator for the past 15 years, would not teach her daughter "to behave differently because I have to find a husband for her and no groom would want 'that' kind of a girl."

Mrs. Karekar, a clerk, feels, "Among the middle classes, a job has become a curse, just like a dowry. I have to educate my daughter for a job because bridegrooms these days demand a working girl in addition to a fat dowry."

In many instances, the stories sound identical. To most middle-class women, their career means

nothing in terms of equal status. On the other hand, professional responsibility only adds to the domestic burden. Their job and their income seem to be taken as much for granted as their duty to manage all the household chores and the children as well. Their routines read like feats from a three-ring circus.

Maya, a telephone operator, said that though she worked on day and night shifts and had to make a long trek to office, she invariably did the cooking and other chores. On Sundays there were more chores to attend to.

Mrs. Joshi, a monitor in a telephone organisation, finishes her night duty around 5 a.m. and reaches home at 7.00 a.m. Though she has had a sleepless night, she has to force herself to make tea and cook immediately. Sometimes, she is not even able to manage an hour's sleep in the afternoon.

Though Ganga's college is nearby she has to do the chores

in the morning and some more when she returns, which keep her very busy. Since her younger son is only three he demands a lot of attention. (In fact while we were talking, he was crying and troubling her a great deal, but her husband who was present did not once offer to look after the child.)

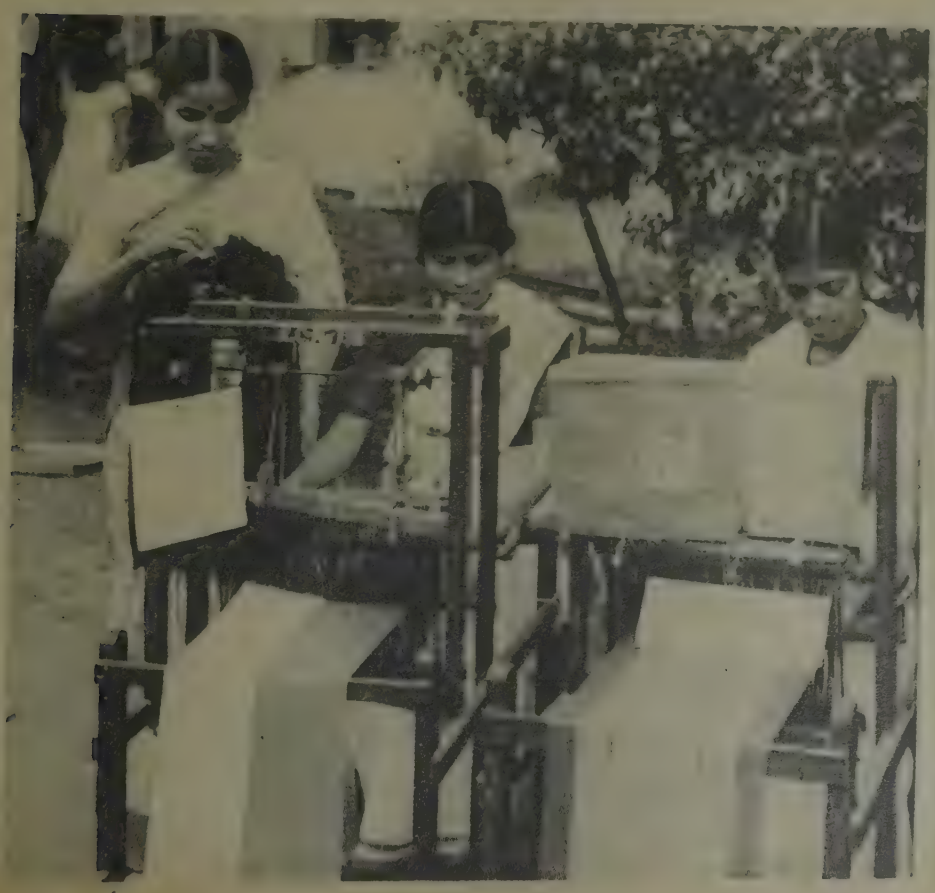
Mrs. Sawant, a stenographer, agrees that there is no escape from or even any lightening of the domestic duties though she is working. Her husband would have nothing to do with household chores. Sundays mean more work because she has to prepare special dishes and there is extra cleaning to be done.

Almost all the women I spoke to said that they did all the housework and attended to the children before going to work and in the evening. Some said that their mothers-in-law helped a bit. Though most of them said they had part-time servants to do the basic cleaning-up, there was still a lot of work because they could not afford full-time servants.

Mrs. D'Souza, who is a teacher, often has arguments with her husband about the sharing of the household work. He goes out most evenings. What is more troublesome is the fact that she has to worry about her school-going son's exams and help him with his home-work.

One husband I spoke to said that men work under more pressure and their duties at the office are more arduous. "Women mostly enjoy light work." So he feels he must "relax after a tense day at the office." Another husband said that though he did go out in the evenings for relaxation, he did combine housework with this — he bought the vegetables and other necessary items. "Though I do not help with the actual housework, I take the children to school and help in shopping for the house." One husband asked in an annoyed tone, "Where is the necessity to help around the house? We worry enough about financial matters, don't we?" Another husband said that when his wife had to work on night duty or at odd hours, he had to do things like collecting the milk bottles and seeing that the children ate on time.

Back to the working women. Do they, as earning members, enjoy financial independence? When I put that question to Ganga, she shrugged and said that she had won that battle to the extent that she could take minor decisions, but all the major decisions were made by the husband. But the others are not even that lucky.



Many of them said they handed over their pay to the husband who manages all the financial affairs. Nirupa, a bank clerk, rarely has any say in financial matters — her husband makes all the decisions.

Mrs. Patwardhan said that since her salary was used for paying large instalments for their ownership house, she could not afford to spend freely.

But it was shocking to learn that many of them could not make any spot decisions on purchases — they had to get the husband's permission first. As Mrs. Joshi put it, "I can't even make a purchase of Rs. 5 without consulting my husband." Nirmala Dond, a stenographer, was shocked at the very question. Looking anxiously at her mother-in-law, she said, "It is not possible. You know how it is in families. . ." Others said their fathers-in-law made all the decisions. Most of them admitted that they were not financially independent in the true sense of the word.

"Do you feel that because you are an earning member of the house your role and status at home is different from those of other housewives?" I asked.

Almost all the working wives vociferously denied that their status was, and could be, any different. As one asked, "How can it be so? We are women and we have to do all the things that women are expected to do. How can we ever revolt or create disharmony in the home?" Another woman said, "My place is just like any other married woman who stays in the house. As the **bahu** I have to be in charge of all the domestic duties, including the children. That I am working does not make any difference. I know my place and my limits, and could never try to cross them." Yet another woman described her husband as "kind, he would not deny me anything. But I am sure he would not like me to expect equal status and equal respect as head of the family."

"Whatever be the reason, as women, we have our social limitations. Though I am earning I could never ask for a reversal of roles or an equal role with my husband," felt one. "I am just like any other woman — a housewife who has a certain role at home. Even if I had the guts to try for an equal status, what would my relatives and our society say? They would call me brassy. My husband would be called hen-pecked and no one would respect him."

"As the **bahu** I have to serve my mother-in-law, my husband and the children, I am not treated any differently from other housewives. I have to see that the family routine is maintained. It doesn't matter that I am a working woman. If I complained, my mother-in-law would say 'quit the job,'" revealed another.

When I approached her old mother-in-law, who sat with her legs outstretched, chewing **paan**, and asked her what she thought of her daughter-in-law shouldering all the responsibilities of housework besides working at the office, the lady said, "What do you expect? She is a woman and she has her duties. In my days we lived in large families and worked from dawn to dark and we did not possess modern appliances. We did all the work without complaining. Just because the **bahu** is going to work do you expect me to watch my son do the housework? I have brought him up affectionately and I would like to see him get every comfort."

Most of the women interviewed said that it was quite difficult to manage the children before and after a long day at the office. When I asked a seven-year-old what he thought of his mother going to work, he looked puzzled and said, "Why can't Mummy stay at home and be there when I return from school, like so many of my friends mothers do?" The older children were not so troubled, but they wanted their mothers to help them with their homework, take part in their school activities, attend Parents' Days and talk with their teachers. One woman said that she felt children of working women behaved better and gave less trouble than children whose mothers stayed at home. Other working women said it was "hell when (their) children fell ill."

After all this, do working women at least find their jobs interesting or enjoyable?

"Enjoyable? The job is a necessity and the question of whether it is enjoyable or not doesn't arise." "It is all tedious work, nothing that needs enterprise or imagination. But the money comes in and that helps." These were some of the common responses.

Only one of the women interviewed said that she faced no problems. She is a lecturer and she likes her job. Being an M.Sc. and a gold medallist to boot, she did not want to waste her talent, in spite of her indifferent health. Besides, her husband helps to look after the children. And as she is not financially dependent on her job she can leave whenever her health troubles her too much. Thankfully her husband has no ego hang-ups so there are no clashes on that front either.

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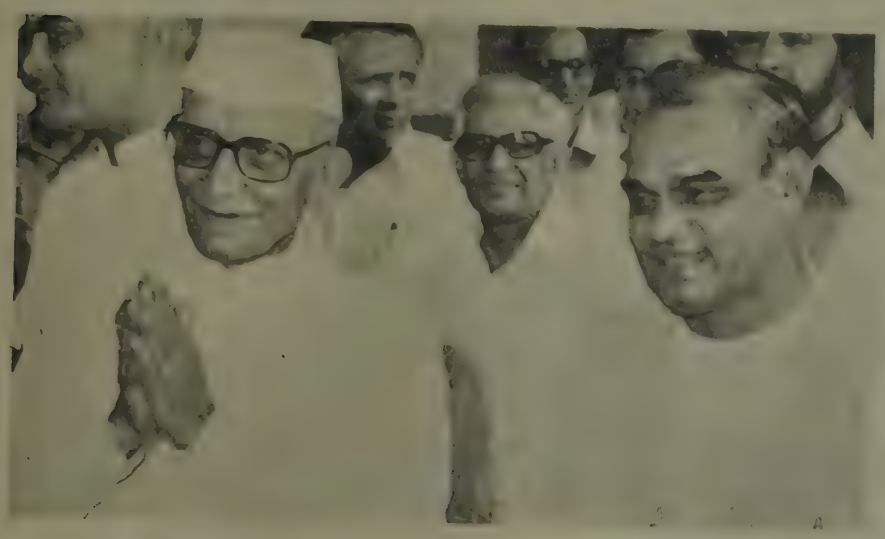
people known

With our national penchant for the hyperbole, Mr. Atal Behari Vajpayee described Prime Minister Morarji Desai's visit to the U.S. as a case of "He came, he saw, he conquered." It was perhaps a little less than such a total triumph, but he has wrested from the Americans the 7.6 tonnes of enriched uranium for the Tarapore atomic power plant that they had promised and were trying to renege on because India has refused to sign the Non-Proliferation Treaty.

In Britain too, he stood up to Mrs. Margaret Thatcher over the immigration issue and resisted Mr. James Callaghan's blandishments to toe the Western line in Africa, Afghanistan and regarding super power rivalry in the Indian ocean.



He has clearly shown that the change of government in India does not presage a change of foreign policy more complaisant to subserving the interests of the West, and that arm twisting by the West is an exercise in futility. Although Senator John Glenn claimed that according to State Department sources, "India has exhibited a new willingness to discuss safeguards," there was nothing on record to show that Mr. Desai has in the slightest degree weakend in the resolve not to sign the Non Proliferaton Treaty until the nuclear powers agree to stop their own proliferation of nuclear weapons.

* * *

Yul Brynner, of the shaven head and massive build, still acting in "The King and I" (but on the stage now), has come out with a very non-filmy proposal — that the ten-million Gypsies scattered all over the world should be provided with a homeland in Punjab or elsewhere in Northern India from where they are said to have emigrated originally. This, according to him, will give them a national status which they now lack and are therefore denied the rights of a national minority everywhere in the world!

And why should Mr. Brynner be concerned about a homeland for Gypsies? Because he himself, he explained, is half Gypsy and half Swiss and Mongolian.

Because they lack a national identity and even a written language (their Romani is only a spoken language), few know that they suffered even worse at the hands of the Nazis thar the Jews. According to Mr. Stefan Kanfer, Book Editor of "Time" and author of the novel "The Eighth Sin", based on the slaughter of Eastern Europe's Romani Gypsies. 90 per cent of them were exterminated in Hitler's concentration camps— a massacre which the world was not even aware of, leave alone being concerned about!

* * *

Awards, national and international, have no doubt become a matter of routine to Mr. Satyajit Ray since he first burst on the international film scene with his "Pathar Panchali" in 1955. But the latest honour conferred on him is perhaps the most prestegious — a doctorate by the Oxford University — the second ever conferred on a film personality by that hoary and very choosey temple of iearning after it honoured Charlie Chaplin similarly 13 years ago. And its rival, Cambridge, is to follow suit.

This is a fitting sequel to the earlier honour done to Satyajit Ray in 1976 by the British Federation of Film Societies in naming him as the greatest film director of the decade. The only honour he has yet to achieve is the Oscar for the best foreign film of the year.

Perhaps his "Shatranj Ke Khilari" will earn it for him. This film, his first venture into the Hindi screen, has won rave notices in the U.S. and it is a measure of the pitiful state of

our film world that the film could find an exhibitor in his own country, and that too only in the North, nearly a year after it was made.

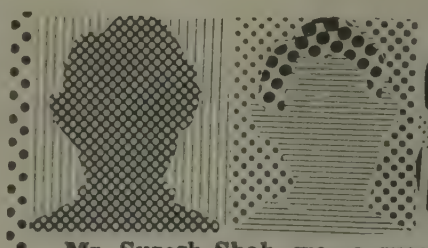
* * *

He was quite well-known from the age of eight when he played the piano with the famed German Philharmonic till he was 20 when he overwhelmed the music lovers of the U.S. And today he is known again at 75. He conquered Carnegie Hall at 17 in 1920 with the passion and poetry of his slender, tapering fingers on the piano, but within a short three or four years he was in the limbo of the forgotten, eking out an existence, first in Hollywood and then somewhere, somehow.

Ervin Nyiregyhazi was a Hungarian child prodigy at three — reproducing on his toy piano the songs his father sang as a tenor in the Royal Hungarian Opera chorus, and he gave his first public performance at the age of eight. At 12 he was touring Europe. Then at 17 he went to America, won frantic applause, liked the country and decided to settle down there. Lionised at first for his genius, he soon fell foul of critics and other musicians by his individual, unrestrained style of playing and compounded this misfortune by his prodigality — both with regard to money and matrimony.

By the time he was 20, not even his memory survived in the musical world. Fifty years and nine wives later, he surfaced again — an old man of 70 who was asked to play at a church charity function to raise money to meet the medical expenses of a poor old woman — his wife.

He had not practised nor owned a piano for over 40 years, and he had not even looked at the music of the long and difficult composition by Liszt which he began to play. Yet the old piano gave forth such a burst of powerful, emotional music that a connoisseur of the piano passing by stopped in his tracks, entered the church, taped the recital and brought about the resurrection of a forgotten maestro, and now at 75, he is famous again—a unique story in the annals of music, why, of any form of Art.



and unknown

Mr. Suresh Shah, was a successful Indian business man in New York, earning a whopping 90 dollars an hour as a management consultant. He was also chairman of a computor manufacturing concern. After 12 years of prosperity, Mr. Shah made the mistake of a lifetime. He took at its facevalue the Government of India's invitation to Indians abroad to invest their money in India with imported machinery and raw material.

Anxious to settle down in his country of origin and help its economic progress, he sold his interests in America and came to India to set up a factory to manufacture electronic watches. The licence to import the needed machinery was issued promptly and he bought equipment worth Rs. ten lakhs from the U.S. He set up a factory, hired office accommodation, and technical and office personnel.

Then what is he complaining about? Just this. His application for importing the raw material needed to manufacture the watches has been rejected by the Electronic Commission. It suddenly discovered that manufacturing electronic watches is against Government policy, a thought which did not occur earlier when he imporported the capital equipment.

So Mr. Shah's misplaced patriotism now threatens him with ruin, but all is not lost yet. The Electronics Commission has graciously promised to help him sell the imported machinery.

Compiled by : K. S. Rao

DEEPIKA MEHRA —

OUTSTANDING CRICKETER

Jyotsana Kapoor

Deepika Mehra, a young and promising cricket player from Delhi, is one of the very few girls to have come to the forefront in this game from North India. Belonging to a well-known family of cricketers in the North, her father, Kishenchand Mehra and her cousin Madan Mehra have played in the Ranjit Trophy cricket championship for a number of years.

Right from her young days, Deepika evinced a deep interest in the game, playing it with her father or young boys in the neighbourhood. Her interest in the game did not decrease even when she grew up, and, she pursued it seriously after she passed her Higher Secondary in 1971. She got a chance to play for the Delhi State Women's Cricket Association in the All India Women's Rani Jhansi Cricket Championship, from 1973 to 1975.

Deepika represented North Zone in 1975-76 against the International Official Women Cricket teams from Australia and New Zealand.

Her zeal for the game encouraged her to join the N.I.S. Patiala from where she graduated in Cricket Coaching in the regular course.

"Here I got a chance to play with boys and it was definitely helpful as one gains more confidence and also learns more about the game. We were given physical training everyday and did particular exercises to develop the muscles, besides the theoretical course, as a coach is supposed to know everything about the game," said Deepika. "These exercises also help to build the stamina of the women players."

Although she's one of the few girls to have qualified in this course, she has not been very successful in getting a job. She says that it is a man's world and it is not easy to get a job. "No one encourages new girls and one gets very frustrated waiting for the opportunities to come your way. I have knocked at a few doors but except promises I have not got anything so far. I have even tried schools and colleges, but no one seems to be really interested in developing this game among girls. I have even offered to give free coaching but the response has not been very good so far," laments Deepika.

Deepika is the only woman to have qualified from D.D.C.A. for cricket umpireship and is also the first woman in the world who is a qualified cricket coach and umpire. But so far she has not been recognised as an official umpire, though she has had a chance to umpire some friendly matches.

Most of the girls who play cricket in India are from Maharashtra. Deepika is one of the few girls belonging to the North, but she says that life for girls in sports is very competitive and the politics in Delhi sports does not allow a new girl to enter the field. "I think if girls get the right encouragement and proper coaching, they can be as good as

boys; but unfortunately cricket in India is not regarded as a game for girls. Moreover, there is no money in this game. Jobs are difficult to get and even after proper qualifications one is not sure when one will find a job. Boys get preference over girls and it seems to be an endless and futile wait," she says with frustration.

Deepika has completed a course in specialised Management Marketing Training and Export Promotion conducted by the S.I.S.I., New Delhi, Ministry of Commerce & Industries.

Cricket for women started only a few years back in India and the Delhi Cricket Association is the only registered body in Delhi. It is affiliated with World Women Cricketers' Association. And though Deepika is a member of the Association, she has not been able to get much chance to show her worth. "There is no proper place where one can practice the game regularly," she says.

KANWAL THAKAR SINGH —

QUEEN OF THE COURT

The National Badminton Championship at Jullundur this year saw the sea-saw battle between two talented girls on the badminton court, with Ami Ghia of Railways coming out victorious once again over her formidable rival Kanwal Thakar Singh of Punjab. It was a tough battle in which the audiences held their breath and remained glued to their seats till Ami blasted the last bolt from her racket and walked away with a 2-1 victory.

It was in a way disappointing for Kanwal as she had trounced Ami Ghia in three thrilling games in one of the major tournaments held only a couple of months ago at Bangalore. Yet she took the defeat gracefully like a true sportswoman. She was probably the only player in the tournament who held all other national players like Ami Ghia, Latha Kailash, Sujata Jain and Uma Murti in constant fear. It is a different matter that the last day did not belong to her. Today she has won fame. Kanwal is a gold medallist in History at the post-graduate level.

Kanwal was only ten when she started playing badminton. Her mother had been a player of repute in her heyday. Naturally Kanwal and her sister Kiran received inspiration from her. Both of them started practising daily under her watchful eyes. Soon they became promising players. In 1967 Kanwal became M.P.'s junior champion — this was a bright start for her. The family then shifted to Chandigarh. It was here that the two sisters started their regular practice. In 1969, Kanwal participated in the Punjab Badminton Championship and won the junior and senior titles. Not only this, she partnered with Kiran to bag the doubles title. They went ahead and won the doubles in the North Zone badminton championship.

After some time Kiran left badminton to join films.

As the years passed by Kanwal strengthened her forehand and developed enough punch in her backhand flick.

She was the State Champion for seven years. On more than one occasion, she has given a superb performance in the nationals. In the National Championship held at Ludhiana in 1974, she lost only to Ami Ghia in the finals. In the wake of her excellent performance, she was included in the Indian team to play the Uber Cup matches. She was the only Indian girl who beat her Malaysian opponents at Delhi and Madras. She also toured Pakistan and helped India earn the Silver Medal. She also represented India at the Asian Games.

Kanwal's success in badminton has strengthened the national team. Together with Ami Ghia, she forms a formidable combination, which if given further encouragement by the Badminton Association of India, can give India some recognition. Until then, let us wait and watch what laurels Kanwal wins for the country.

Harbans Singh

CYCLING ACROSS INDIA

Sathya Saran

Pedalling 3,200 kms from Simla to Kanyakumari at the other end of India was a joyous adventure to these boys from the Lawrence School, Sanawar

Most people might feel that there are better ways of travelling from Simla to Kanyakumari than on a bike. The boys of Lawrence School, Sanawar, beg to differ. To them cycling down to Kanyakumari from their school in the Simla Hills is "the height of adventure" and the "experience of a lifetime." And the sun, the cold winter winds as well as the other hardships they might meet on the way, only add to the fun and heighten the worth of the adventure.

The boys, six in number, of whom the youngest is merely fourteen, (the others have already reached the enviable age of sixteen) set out for Kanyakumari last winter. Accompanied by three masters, they were all set to rough it out, travelling a total of 3200 kms, at the rate of an average 90 kms. per day. The trip took about 60 days to accomplish and the boys touched India's southernmost tip by the end of January.

The boys (and their masters) carried only sparse luggage, which included a first aid kit, a repair kit, some glucose and fruit juices. They ate the food they could buy en route and slept overnight in rest houses. Once or twice they also had to impose on the hospitality of some willing villager, and, if their testimony is to be believed, they "enjoyed the experience thoroughly."

Part of the 3200 kms. they covered was a stiff uphill climb. The boys cycled up the Ooty hills to pay a visit to the students of the Lawrence School, Lovedale, a sister school of the Sanawar school. According to the group leader, Mr. K. J. Parel, a master, the "small detour of 150 kms. took about two and a half days of hard pedalling."

The aim of this expedition was, according to Mr. Parel, "to inculcate the spirit of adventure in the boys and acquaint them with the real face of India, their motherland." To realise the latter part of this aim, the boys visited the villagers in the villages they passed through and got acquainted with their way of life, their problems and their joys.

The getting acquainted idea seemed to have paid off from what the boys had to say about their experiences. "We realised that the villages of India are the real India," one of the boys said. Gautam Shaunik, another of the young adventure-seekers added, "We also realised that the villagers in the heart of the country, specially in Madhya Pradesh, are very neglected and poor. Poverty, malnutrition and a low standard of living are common here. We had no knowledge of all this," he admitted.

"The trip was a real challenge. . . we will never have another experience quite like this; it has taught us so much already and we have been on the road for only 18 days . . .there's so much more to see, so much to learn," said Monty Khanna, who was one of the experienced cyclists in the group. His looks belied his capacities. This youngster, who has a flair for athletics, besides cycling, was easily dwarfed by his slim and tall companions.

Not that the other boys were less talented. Gautam Shaunik enjoys mountaineering; Ranbir Singh has climbed 17,000 feet of Leh's formidable mountains; Tarun Sawney plays the trombone for his school; Jatinder Pal Singh holds the world junior record for non-stop roller skating (46 hrs); and Anand Pathak, the youngest member, has serious aspirations of following in his father's footsteps and becoming a judge.

Then the three masters in the team too are men with noteworthy achievements to their credit. Of them, Mr. I. Hasan is a Ranji Trophy player, while Mr. M. Goswamy is an experienced artist. Talking of the performance of the boys, Mr. Goswamy said that he was quite satisfied with the exemplary discipline they showed and their capacity to adjust to changing situations.

I met the boys when they passed through Nagpur. The trip was partly financed by the Ministry of Education and the Oriental Bank of Commerce. The Government also offered them a police escort when they were passing through the dacoit infested areas between Agra and Sagaour.

The only adventure according to them, that was out of the ordinary in this "somewhat too smooth" trip was when Anand was chased and knocked down by a bull. "Perhaps his wearing a pink shirt and riding a red bike had something to do with it," one of the boys said.

The teachers, too, had no problems in the course of the trip. "Except one," Mr. Parel quipped. "Keeping up with boys is a full time proposition, and sometimes it gets a bit tough, specially when Monty sets the pace — he's terribly fast."

And so, smiling, laughing, sweating, pedalling, the team went on its way.. . and with the boys setting the pace there was little wonder in the fact that they reached Kanyakumari right on schedule. . . rather ahead of it.

LALITA BADHWAR

A Talented Youngster

Tall and attractive, Lalita Badhwar created quite a stir at the Youth Festival at Rohtak, Haryana. Not only was she adjudged the best actress for her role in a political satire, "Shuturmurg," but she also bagged the first prize in the inter-collegiate debate and declamation. Lalita also participated in the prize-winning group song.

An all-rounder — she's been very active in her school and college in Delhi, participating in sports and cultural activities — Lalita also has an impressive academic record. She passed the All-India Higher Secondary Board Examination from the Delhi Public School with an average of 81.4 per cent; was invited to sign the school's Roll of Honour and got a first division in her 1st year B.Sc. from the Gargi College, Delhi. Now a student of the Rohtak Medical College, Lalita has once again immersed herself in the college's extra-curricular activities by becoming a member of the executive committee of the college's cultural club.

Lalita fills her spare time with reading, dancing, listening to music, indulging in Batik, dress-designing and even Transcendental Meditation. This active, intelligent girl certainly knows how to use her time well.

Kiran Narain

SALES GIRLS: a hard life, poor rewards

Jyoti Lajmi

The door-bell rings when you are about to have your siesta. You open the door, to find a sales girl rattling away about some unknown, unwanted product, and your initial impulse is to slam the door in her face. That, in fact, is what most people do.

To be a salesgirl one must possess two essential qualities: an immense amount of patience and a whole lot of grit. With most people unwilling even to lend her a ear, or reacting with caustic remarks like "How dare you disturb us at this hour!" to outright abuses, she also has to forgo a lot of her self-respect.

Matriculation or S.S.C. being the minimum qualification for the job, most salesgirls belong to middle-class families. They opt for this line either to pay their way through college or to contribute towards the family income. Salesgirls are usually recruited on a temporary basis by companies marketing consumer products for door-to-door sales promotion campaigns. Recruitment is generally done through newspaper advertisements or through panels of names maintained by the company.

An inexperienced girl is given about fifteen days of training, which mainly comprises methods of convincing the potential customer and of maximising sales. She then joins a group of ten to fifteen other girls, led by a group leader, with a supervisor to guide them in the field. The city is divided into several areas, each of which is allotted to one group.

Each group covers its area both intensively and extensively. All the girls in a group move together systematically from one building to the next. However, each flat in a building is visited by only one girl who knocks on the door and repeats her sales' story to the customer in a parrot-like fashion. The sales' story includes the mode of usage of the product and its plus points — mainly its substantially lower price compared to the price of competitive brands. As customers may be unfamiliar with some of the brands which are sold door-to-door a lot of convincing is required to make a potential customer buy the product, despite its lower price. This is particularly true if the product itself (as distinct from the brand) is new. Each salesgirl is expected to sell a predetermined minimum number of pieces every day.

The salesgirls are paid about Rs. 15 per day, and take their salaries weekly, fortnightly or, in a few cases, even monthly. No salary is paid for the weekly day off, which is usually Sunday. Not being permanent company employees, they are denied the benefits of provident fund, gratuity, sick leave, privilege leave, etc. Any absence is treated as leave without pay. "Some companies do not pay us for months and there are others who do not pay us at all!" says Kamlesh Bhira, a young salesgirl who has been in this line for the last three years.

In most cases, no allowance is paid for travel within headquarters or for food. Most of the girls carry dry lunch with them or have a bite at some snack bar. They work from about ten to two or three o'clock every day and travel by bus and train.

If their work and attendance are consistently satisfactory, a promotion to group leader is possible. The next position is that of a supervisor. In a few cases, supervisors get the opportunity to become permanent company employees.

Many times, salesgirls have to tackle hazards like unruly behaviour by young men or face the shock of entering strange places alone. There have been cases of men inviting a girl into the house on the pretext that the lady of the house will be out in a minute. Once inside, the hapless salesgirl becomes an unwilling victim of their lust.

Attired in pants, salwar-kameezes or sarees, salesgirls look simple. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the rude behaviour of some housewives. "It is mostly those from the richer class who behave peculiarly." "They tell either their servants or their children to inform us that there is no one at home," said another salesgirl, Satya Pujari.

The highlight of their career, however, is meeting with famous film personalities. Surprisingly enough, the stars seem to treat them well enough. They do not buy their products, of course, but the salesgirls get personally autographed photographs.

"The best feeling we ever experience is when one of the housewives invites us in and serves us some cold drink," says Kamlesh Bhira. "It is rare, but would be unfair on my part if I said no one did that."

Their career is literally the "come hail come storm" type where, regardless of the weather, they just have to go about their work.

A number of salesgirls I met claimed to have taken up a sales job so as to meet interesting people. But the cold hostility with which they are usually greeted has disillusioned them totally. Even those who have taken up this line from the point of economic necessity declare that they will switch to another job with better prospects, given a chance.

Why can't we show them some more understanding, and treat them like normal human beings?

BOOK REVIEW

THE EGG AND CHEESE COOK BOOK by Premila Lal. Published by India Book House. Price Rs. 9.00.

With her numerous cook books in the market, Premila Lal, Cookery Editor of Eve's Weekly, gives us a surprise with another guide to good cooking. The recipes in this book are suitable for party occasions, but the majority can equally be adapted for family catering, and will do much to enliven the meals. The easy-to-follow recipes with well planned layouts section-wise have clever line drawings. Cooking and meal planning will bring you greater success and satisfaction with this new cook book as your guide.

APPETIZINGLY YOURS . . . Snacks for all occasions, by Mumtaz Currim — Mumtaz Rahimtoola. Published by S. G. Wasani. Price Rs. 10.

The book is full of good ideas for family fare and covers a wide range from everyday cooking to children's parties and buffet meals.

The recipes are not too elaborate or exotic, and can be easily worked into the daily cooking routine of any housewife.

With this practical and useful book, you will have at your finger tips all you need to know about easy entertaining.

R. B.

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

SHAMAN'S TROPICAL PUDDING

SUSHILLA VASWANI shows the way to a luscious dessert with a handful of ingredients. The steps are so easy to follow, even children would love trying on their own

1 Sponge cake; 1 cup fresh orange juice; 2 tbsps. rum (optional); 2 bananas, sliced; 2 tbsps. icing sugar; ½ cup milk

FOR DECORATION :

50 grams cherries; 50 grams walnuts, Gems chocolate; chocolate, grated

FOR ICING :

200 grams fresh cream; 4 to 5 tbsps. icing sugar

Mix two tbsps of icing sugar with the orange juice. Soak the banana slices in this juice for at least two hours.

1. Whip the cream and the other icing sugar till stiff. Cut the cake into half, horizontally. Remove the previously soaked bananas and thoroughly soak the two halves of the cake in the same juice along with milk.

2. Pour out the whipped cream over the lower half of the cake. Spread out evenly.

3. Put slices of bananas and chopped walnuts and cherries and cover this layer with the other half of the cake.

4. Similarly top this layer with the rest of the sweetened cream and decorate it with walnuts, cherries, Gems and grated chocolate.

1

2

3

4

the gentle caretakers

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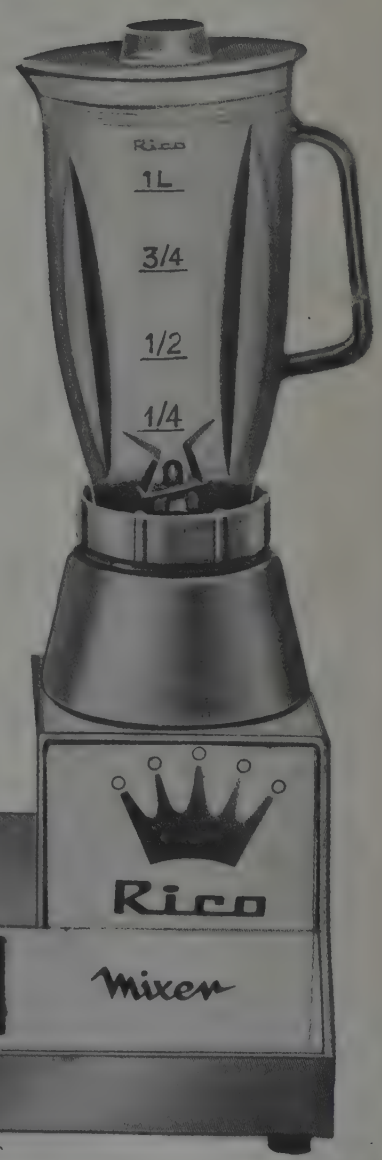

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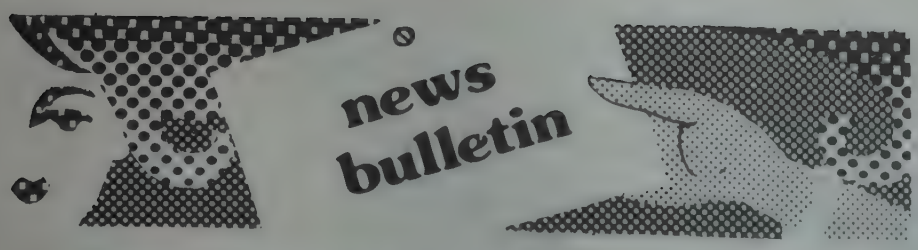

FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

CALCUTTA: Molina Dhak, a political prisoner who has been on a protest fast in the Alipore Presidency Jail here for several days, told the jail minister, Mr. D. Banerjee, that she would end the hunger-strike in view of her discussion with the minister. Miss Dhak has been sentenced to death by hanging and the state government, despite its amnesty to all political prisoners, cannot release her, pending the disposal of a case before the high court. The hunger-strike, according to the minister, was in protest against the alleged high-handedness of the jail authorities and for the restoration of certain facilities.

The Times of India, May 27

* * *

HYDERABAD: The Andhra Pradesh government today ordered the opening of a separate police station for women in the city, entirely staffed by women police.

This was to facilitate taking into custody of women offenders at any time during day or night, the Home Minister Mr. M. M. Hashim told pressmen.

Following the incident at the Nallakunta police station in the city recently, where a woman was allegedly raped and her husband beaten as a result of which he died later, the government had issued orders prohibiting the police from taking women to police stations in the night for interrogation. This order, however, had reportedly helped only to increase crimes under the Immoral Traffic Act.

The Free Press Journal, June1

* * *

LONDON: It may come as a surprise to many people in today's liberated seventies. But, British-made chastity belts are in demand all over the world. Curious relics left over from the Middle Ages they might be, but 40-year-old David Renwick has been turning them out from his home near the northern England town of Sheffield, for the past 13 years.

In that time he has made over a hundred for eager customers in places as far away as Hong Kong, the United States and Australia. And they are by no means just modern copies in plastic or leather, but the real thing, hand-forged from best quality iron. Mr. Renwick's wife, Rosemary, who sometimes lends a hand in the forge, says they have made five belts this year, two of which went to America.

The iron contraptions weigh nearly two kg each, fit around the waist and between the legs and are locked in front with a padlock. Costing £ 40 sterling (about Rs. 640), each belt takes at least eight hours to complete, and is made strictly to the customer's specifications. As Mrs. Renwick said, "If they don't fit, they rather lose their point."

Evening News of India, June 2

* * *

On April 22, Patti Banaura, an otherwise sleepy village nine km from Shikohabad town in Mainpuri district of UP, witnessed unprecedented activity. The village wore a festive look, as an unusual event was going to take place: 24-year-old Omvati Devi was going to commit "sati."

A young man of the village had died, but it was not an hour of mourning for the villagers. Instead, it was an occasion for rejoicing. A young "bold" wife was going to accompany her husband in death ...

Instead of crying for her dead husband, Omvati came out from her house clad in bridal dress. When married women came to know of her decision on "sati," they all hailed it. Some were heard saying that Omvati was going to become the ideal for all women of the village. Old people said it was good that Omvati was going to revive a tradition long forgotten under alien rule ...

Meanwhile someone in the village informed the Superintendent of Police and the District Magistrate. When the Sub-Divisional Magistrate arrived with a small police contingent, a small crowd had gathered around the funeral pyre, waiting for Omvati. The police were surprised to see the presence of Omvati along with the group of women chanting the "sati-vandana." Before the policemen could prevent her, Omvati rushed to the pyre and took her husband's head in her lap. None of the villagers tried to stop her ...

However, she was tricked out of the pyre by her two nephews ... Meanwhile, the angry crowd had kept the policemen at bay by constantly showering stones ... Omvati was instantly given first aid. She is now recovering from burn injuries. Although "sati" is banned and, according to law, amounts to suicide, the tradition-bound villagers have faith in it. Village women who are fed on the tales of Sita and Savitri feel it is their sacred duty to accompany their husbands to the "other world."

"Sunday," June 4

* * *

KOLHAPUR: An unwelcome visitor, a 50-year-old husband accompanied by his second wife and four children marred the proceedings of a two-day rally of eligible Jain boys and girls and their parents in Kolhapur last week. The husband, from Sholapur, came ostensibly to seek a suitable mistress. His first wife had died, leaving behind a son. His presence was objected to by those present. Girls outnumbered boys at the rally. While there were only 20 boys, the girls numbered 50. However, some parents came without their sons to seek suitable daughters-in-law. Marrying off Jain girls has become a serious problem in view of the exorbitant dowry involved.

The Free Press Journal, May 22

* * *

NEW DELHI: The 26-member National Committee on Women, which has the Prime Minister as its Chairman, has set up a steering committee for effective implementation of specific women's welfare programmes throughout the country. It is officially learnt that the National Committee on Women has endorsed the National Plan of Action and a blue-print of action points drawn up by the Department of Social Welfare. The Centre has requested the States to draw up their own plans of action for women on the basis of the National Plan. The National Plan and the blueprint envisage legislative action as well as voluntary efforts to promote the education, unemployment, welfare, health and legal status of women.

The Indian Express, May 25

* * *

MADRAS: A 39-year old woman told the state-level Emergency excesses authority that she was stripped naked and tortured for a week by the police who had foisted a theft case on her during the Emergency. The woman, Nagammal of Eranjee village (South Arcot dist.), who broke down repeatedly during her day-long deposition, said she had incurred the wrath of a powerful and influential local community in league with the police and revenue officials. She had tried to expose their "corruption and illegalities." Nagammal said that she was forcibly taken away from her house on January 3, 1977, to a police station at Thozhudur, where she was subjected to brutal assault and indignities to force her to admit her "crime."

The Times of India, June 6

* * *

NEW DELHI: Does the Delhi Administration think that most women are sick? It has decided that all enterprises run by women are to be treated as sick units. Mr. Madanlal Khurana, Executive Councillor of Delhi, assured a delegation of the National Alliance of Young Entrepreneurs that for the purpose of providing incentives and facilities the Administration would treat enterprises run by women entrepreneurs as sick units. The delegation was led by Mrs. Leela Damodara Menon, MP, who is the chairman of the women's wing of NAYE.

The Statesman

* * *

BHOPAL: Three dacoits, including a 32-year-old woman outlaw, Hasina, were killed in an encounter with the U. P. police at Thiriaghat, in Tikamgarh district on the M. P.—U. P. border, according to an official report. Hasina had been operating in the Bundelkhand region...The post-mortem report revealed that Hasina was pregnant.

The Statesman, May 28

* * *

Gohe Khurd, a village in Pune district, has achieved a rare distinction by electing Adivasi women as 'sarpanch' and 'upasarpanch' of its gram panchayat. The 'sarpanch' is 23-year-old Mrs. Shakuntala Vitthal Bambale, who defeated her male rival, the outgoing village chief by a solitary vote. She had been elected from her ward unopposed. Her deputy, Mrs. Radhabai Vare, is 28 years old. The elections are considered significant because the village, in Ambergaon tehsil, is not an exclusive habitat of the Adivasis.

The Times of India, June 19

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
STOP WORRYING - THE BOYS PROMISED TO BE HOME BY MIDNIGHT-
BUT UNTIL THEN WE'RE ALL ALONE!
LOOK - NOBODY CAN POSSIBLY BREAK INTO THIS HOUSE! ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED....
THE WINDOWS ARE ALL BARRED AND THERE'S A BURGLAR ALARM!
EVERY OPENING IS LOCKED AND BOLTED - THERE'S JUST NO WAY A BURGLAR CAN GET IN!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT-
!
YOU WANT A ROARING FIRE? IN JULY?!!
YES! SO GET HOME AND BRING IN THE WOOD!!
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7-17

George Bernard Shaw had a running fued with Churchill. He sent the Prime Minister a note saying, "I am reserving two tickets for you for my premiere. Come and bring a friend — if you have one."

Churchill replied immediately, "Impossible to be present for the first performance. Will attend second — if there is one."

* * *

Churchill was always fighting to get more and more protection for England — just to make sure. He used to accentuate his demands with the story of "the man whose mother-in-law had died in Brazil and when asked how the remains should be disposed of replied, 'Embalm — cremate — bury. Take no chances.'"

* * *

The pastor at a church was asked how many persons could sleep in the church building in case of an attack.

"I don't know," replied the pastor, "but we sleep four hundred every Sunday morning."

* * *

Girl praying: "Oh Lord, I ask nothing for myself — but will you please send dear mother a son-in-law."

* * *

The preacher was telling his clan that there are over 700 different kinds of sin. He was besieged with mail and phone calls the next day from people who wanted the list — to make sure they weren't missing anything.

* * *

A dress shop received this note from a woman: "Dear sir, you have not delivered the maternity dress I ordered. Please cancel the order. My delivery was faster than yours."

* * *

It's terrible to see men looking like girls with long hair and all. You can't tell the difference. I was sitting in a restaurant when a girl came in. I turned to the person at the next table and said, "Isn't it terrible how boys look like girls these days?"

"That's my son," she said, pointing to the girl.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were his mother."

"I'm not," my neighbour said indignantly, "I'm his father."

* * *

A wolf is a guy who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

* *

The height of embarrassment: Looking through a keyhole — and seeing another eye.

* * *

Teacher: "Now, children I want you to write your names in your primers."

Abe: "Are you kidding? That will kill the resale value."

* * *

Lois: "Well, I'm falling in love and I think I should go to a palmist or a mind reader. Which would you suggest?"

Doris: "You'd better go to a palmist — at least you know you've got a palm."

* * *

He was so dumb it finally sent him to a hospital — he threw a cigarette butt in a manhole and then stepped on it.

* * *

He only drinks to calm his nerves,
And steadiness improve;
Today he got so steady
He couldn't even move.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

VINOD MEHRA:

NO CHANGE IN LIFE STYLE...YET!

N. Bharathi

Although it is too early to say what changes will be necessary in his pattern of life as a married man, Vinod is ready to make them

The hunt was on. Good girls (whatever that means) from respectable Punjabi families were inspected and rejected because they didn't ring a bell in Vinod Mehra's brain. Once he'd made up his mind he was determined to stand by it. "I've given my mother the signal to go ahead and find me a girl. I've got used to the idea of an arranged marriage," Vinod had explained two years ago. His mother had promptly spread the message around.

Practically every Punjabi you met in the industry had joined the grand search for a bride. In fact, a month before Vinod finally got married, Jeetendra was keen on taking him to Delhi to "see" a girl. From all directions, offers came in. Sometimes it was Vinod who found his mind not clicking at the sight of some girl. Sometimes he grumbled that because of us film journalists who had highlighted his romance with Rekha, "good" girls were reluctant to marry him. So probably now Vinod should thank us for putting off those girls in the past till Miss Right came along this year.

May 5 was a day when practically every film person made it a point to go to Sun-n-Sand and wish Vinod and bride, Meena. "Everybody who was in town came to the reception at least for a few minutes. But the biggest gesture came from Gulshan Rai who postponed the premiere of his 'Trishul' by half an hour so that his guests could come and wish me before going to the theatre. In fact, Gulshan Rai and Yash Chopra themselves came to the reception and wished me before going for their premiere."

The reception proved Vinod Mehra's immense popularity with his colleagues. "It's not as if I've been making it a point to attend every party in town. But I guess it was a grand gesture from my colleagues with all of whom I have got along very well."

More than anything else, it was a sign of Vinod Mehra's stock of goodwill — a commodity he has been hoarding since he came into the film industry.

A month after the wedding, Vinod Mehra is still glowing. He had a brief honeymoon in Nepal before reporting back to the studios. "Ever since the day I came back, I have been working two shifts daily and going home at midnight. But this was something Meena knew would happen after marriage. And it's not always this way. I am over busy because I took a week off for the Nepal trip plus I am going to Europe for a spell. Besides, I was out of action for a long time before the wedding when I had an injured foot and couldn't shoot. I've got to make up for all this by working till late at night every day."

Maybe it's too early to say whether Vinod Mehra is used to the idea of being a married man. But he does say, "I was sure I was doing the right thing when I decided to get married to her. So there is no question of regretting anything."

Does Vinod feel any great change in his pattern of life? "It's too early to say," he points out. "It's been only a month and it's too soon to feel any big change. I don't know what sort of impression you had about me, but I have never been much of a party goer. After shooting I have always preferred going home. So my going straight home now isn't really a new thing to me. And I haven't come across any instance as yet where I feel like going somewhere with friends but have to go home because my wife will be waiting for me. If I do have to face such a choice anytime then I guess I'll feel a change in my life style."

Vinod's marriage was organised in the traditional manner. So, like typical Punjabi brides, Meena has not stepped into the kitchen yet and Vinod is still in the dark about her culinary interests. "We're still discovering each other. I hardly knew her when we got married," he admits. "But she had been looking after her house and two brothers before marriage. I suppose with that sort of background, she will be home bound."

Vinod is aware that he is in a profession where tongues wag and tiny relationships get blown out of proportion. "What the magazines wrote didn't affect me drastically though they did hurt me. But now I realise that I have someone to answer to. I don't know what her reaction will be— we haven't talked this over much — but the best thing about her is that she seems to be very understanding."

Vinod also admits that he's not very sure how his wife will react to Moushumi. It was Moushumi who recently pointed out that gossip about Vinod and herself had been so persistent and intense that everybody invariably thought that some of it must be true. Vinod agrees with Moushumi and says, "Yes, all these years, Babu's family and my family have been very, very close. My mother was always there and she knows us. But I really don't know how a wife will accept the situation."

Like all newly weds, Vinod realises that a mother to answer to is different from a wife. "I could take my mother for granted. But I can't take my wife for granted. You know there are little things which make the relationship different. For instance, I was shooting till late the other night. Generally I never bother to ring up home and tell my mother about any extension in shooting. I don't have to tell Meena either. But I noticed that, however late, Meena doesn't have her dinner till I come home. So I remembered this and called her to have her dinner and go to sleep since I would be very late. These things make a difference."

Vinod's friends who know of one of his weaknesses, grin and say that he's soon going into production. Meaning, the production of kids of course. There was a time when Vinod's dream was to have 11 kids in a row since he has a weakness for children and can hardly wait to have several of his own.

"But now I realise that it's not very feasible. So I've come down to wanting just five kids," grins Vinod. "We'll begin next year."

Vinod Mehra is an ideal co-artiste. He is an ideal son. An ideal husband and most probably an ideal father, too. But he'll never make an ideal ad. for family planning!

Photograph : Harmeet Kathuria

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicola Prenn's missionary streak had got her into trouble more than once. This time a young girl, Denise Graeme, persuaded Nicola to pretend involvement with a married man Todd Baxter, just so Denise herself, whose date he was that night, could escape unscathed from her own fiance who had come in search of her. Nicola agreed, thinking she would never set eyes on the three people again. But she was wrong. Her father Robert Prenn, the famous artist, accepted a commission for Nicola, which concerned painting the portrait of old Traugott Sorensen in Northern Transvaal. She drove down there only to discover that the nephew of the man was none other than Barak Sorensen, Denise's fiance.

Barak Sorensen understandably had a wrong impression about her morals on account of his earlier encounter with Nicola. But he was constrained to suffer her presence, at least till the portrait was finished. Ellen and Traugott Sorensen, the old couple, made her feel at home. But there was friction whenever Barak and Nicola met. Also in the house was Melanie, a nine-year-old girl, grand-daughter of the old Sorensens. Nicola learnt she was the daughter of Barak's brother Karl who had died in a car crash together with his wife Vanessa, the elder sister of Denise, whose farm was a short distance away. Nicola also learnt that Barak had been in love with Vanessa but she had chosen Karl. One day Nicola drove down to Denise Graeme's house with Melanie and found Todd Baxter there. Todd also lived in the vicinity. He pestered Nicola with his attentions and she was compelled to give him a lift home.

When she stopped to let off Todd, he made unwanted advances to her, which Barak Sorensen passing that way in his car happened to see. The bad impression he had about Nicola was thus strengthened and the wrangles between them intensified. Nicola didn't confess the truth about Denise and Todd to Barak for fear of causing an estrangement between Denise and Barak, who were practically engaged. Meanwhile the portrait painting progressed. In spite of their heated exchange of words, Barak and Nicola were instinctively drawn to each other with a fierce physical attraction that led to intimacy.

One night there was a traditional "braaivleis" or barbecue party at which practically everyone was present including Todd and his wife Hilary, Denise, the Sorensens and many friends. Todd made himself over-attentive to Nicola once again, thus intensifying the war between Barak and Nicola. At home, Barak accused Nicola of hurting Hilary's feelings and Nicola in turn accused Barak of desiring Denise as his wife on account of her resemblance to her dead sister Vanessa. In the aftermath of the fierce argument, Nicola did some introspection and realised she was in love with Barak.

On the day the portrait was finished, the signal for Nicola's departure, Barak came very agitated in the night and asked Nicola to go out with him in the car. Driving up a winding mountain road to Angel's Throne, a night joint, they found Denise and Todd dancing locked in each other's arms.

NOW READ ON...

She left the coffee unfinished and when Barak had paid they went out after Todd and Denise.

The hotel garden was criss-crossed by narrow stone paths, concealed by shrubbery and hanging creepers, and it was along one of these that Barak and Nicola followed the other couple, guided by the sound of Denise's inimitable, breathless, young laughter.

Then there was a silence and, rounding a curve, they came upon them, locked in each other's arms, their mouths joined.

Nicola drew a sharp, shocked breath, causing Denise and Todd to separate hastily.

"Barak?" Denise was the first to find her voice and she used it in entreaty, putting out an appealing hand and moving away from Todd.

"Yes, Denise?" Barak's tone was cold.

"You must understand..." the girl began falteringly, yet there was something in her tawny eyes that hinted at satisfaction.

"I understand only too well," he told her coolly, now releasing Nicola's arm.

A light seemed to die in the girl's eyes. "You mean...?"

"I mean that I know what it's all about, what's been motivating your recent behaviour," Barak continued quietly, but nevertheless there was something hard in his voice. "I just thought I'd let you know before you make even more of a fool of yourself — and before you really get into trouble," he added, his freezing glance flicking over Todd.

Todd's face was flushed and his manner was truculent as he said, "Here, you can't talk like that, Sorensen. I don't like your tone at all."

Barak's smile was sardonic. "You'll like it even less if you don't leave Denise — and Nicola — alone in future."

Nicola half expected Todd to carry on the argument, but he must have thought better of it, because suddenly he moved away from them, still blustering furiously, "You'll regret this. You've no right to take this attitude and I'll see to it that you're sorry!"

Denise Graeme forced a laugh.

PART SIX

walk in the shadows

Jayne Bauling

WALK IN THE SHADOWS **by Jayne Bauling was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd, London (C Jayne Bauling 1978.)**

"You've made an enemy. Barak."

He ignored her. "Let's go," he said.

From the parking ground came the sound of a car engine being revved furiously and the next moment they heard the screech of tyres on gravel as Todd's car travelled wildly away.

Barak shrugged his shoulders.

"What are you doing here, Nicola?" Denise asked coldly. "Barak, we must talk."

"Not now, for God's sake," he said impatiently as they reached the Lancia Stratos. "Get in, Denise, and don't argue."

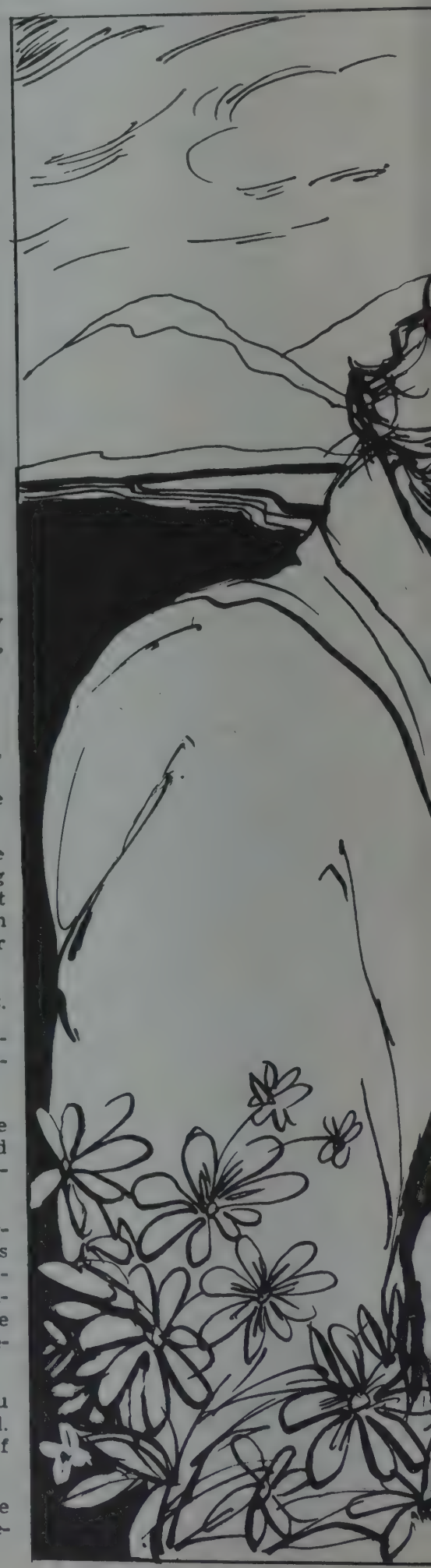
They made the winding descent in silence, the two girls sharing the passenger seat. Parked outside the Graeme farmhouse, however, Denise made another appeal to Barak, "Please...please let's talk."

"I'll see you tomorrow — you and your parents," he added. "Right now, I've had enough of you."

They started the drive home in silence. She thought inconsequentially that Vanessa must have been mad to choose Karl instead of him. Melanie ought to have been Barak's daughter instead of just his niece. After a while she started to weep silently.

He said at once, "Stop it, Nicola. It won't help matters if you cry."

He was silent until they reached the farmhouse which was in darkness. He switched on one of the wall lamps in the lounge and



looked at Nicola in such a way that she became conscious of her appearance and lifted a hand to touch the smooth knot at the nape of her neck.

"All right now?" he asked, quite gently.

"Yes," Nicola said curtly, moving to stand at the door which led to the verandah outside her room.

He moved nearer to her. "I'm sorry if you think I was cruel to do it that way," he said expressionlessly, continuing to look down at her. "It wasn't to humiliate you."

His eyes dropped to the gentle curve of her mouth, and she swayed slightly towards him. Her eyelids grew heavy with desire; desire which swept over her in great, weakening waves, and she moved closer to him until her trembling body was pressed against his, her hands going up to grasp his shoulder.

"Barak!" she murmured against his skin in soft entreaty as she felt his hand move from her waist, up over her back.

She carried with her the memory of the other time he had kissed her, but she was still unprepared for the assault on her senses as his mouth sought hers this time. Her fingers were entwined in his dark hair as she moved her body against his, transmitting her urgency to him and feeling the warmth of his body through his shirt.

She didn't know for how long they kissed, but gradually clarity was returning to her mind, and presently she withdrew from him and, after a moment, managed to say soberly, "I don't know if this is because you're hurt, or because you think I'm hurt by this evening's events — but no!"

Every turn of events seemed to intensify their misunderstanding—right up to the time Nicola was packed and ready to leave the Sorensens, without even bidding goodbye to Barak. And then Barak was suddenly there...

Barak's expression was unreadable. He stretched out a hand toward her, then dropped it. "Go, then, Nicola," he said harshly. As she hesitated, he added, "Go on. Goodnight."

Blindly Nicola turned and left him.

It seemed to Nicola as if she had hardly gone to bed when it was time to get up again.

As she ate a hurried breakfast, Ellen told her that Barak had gone out. To see the Graemes, Nicola supposed.

"I can't think why he hasn't returned to say goodbye to you," Ellen said in worried tones as the time for Nicola's departure approached.

"Oh...we said goodbye last night," Nicola lied hastily as she put down her knife and fork, unable to eat anything more.

"That's all right, then." Ellen sounded relieved. "I hope you had a good time at Angel's Throne."

"Yes, thank you," Nicola said soberly. A good time! She thought of the pain and the yearning and the way the evening had come to a conclusion, and she smiled weakly.

She walked down again, to the stretch of land between the house and the gum-tree plantation. It was from here that she had been painting the mountain that first afternoon when Barak had come and...Well, in some strange way, they had communicated that day. He had even admitted it.

And now there was not even to be a goodbye. It seemed wrong that there should be no farewell exchanged between them.

But perhaps last night had been in the nature of a farewell. She lifted a hand in a gesture that was half mocking, half sad. Barak would forget, but she would go on remembering — for ever.

She turned, then started to shake as she saw Barak coming towards her, tall, casually dressed, immeasurably beloved.

So there would, after all, be a farewell.

As he reached her, he said easily, "I meant to be back earlier than this." He paused, his eyes giving nothing away, no hint if he recalled last night's events, as they swept over her face. His mouth twisted slightly. "First, I'd better tell you — Todd Baxter crashed his car last night."

For a moment she hardly took it in. Then something in his tone made her ask, "Dead?"

Barak inclined his head, watching her carefully. "Yes. Fortunately the road was deserted, so he didn't take anyone with him. He was driving wildly and went over the mountainside."

"How...how awful!" Nicola said inadequately. "And Hilary?"

Still those light grey eyes never left her face. "Hilary is...free now, with a second chance for happiness. But I imagine her experience with Baxter will have made her a very wary woman. I doubt if he'd have...grown up."

"Yes," Nicola agreed absently, still busy assimilating the fact of Todd's death. "And Denise? Is...is she upset?"

"As distresed as she'd be over anyone. She and Baxter had a lot in common. I've been with her and her parents this morning. We talked for a long time and it's finally been decided that Denise is to go to Europe. Initially, she'll be looking up some distant relatives in Scotland, and

Continued on page 27

A VERY SPECIAL look

An evening when you want to look radiantly fresh for the man of your dreams, when you want to give him a happy surprise. For a change acquire that very special look in sheer organdie sarees. They're so light and so fresh, you'll feel alive and vibrant in their fresh crispness and realise that these charming and exclusive creations of MANJU KRISHNAKUMAR give you a wide selection in attractive designs and vivid colour combinations, which keep every one guessing whether the saree is for the whole day time or for that special evening.

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ABOVE LEFT: Square dots for a change. An American cotton saree in a geometrical print all over in shades of green, with occasional patches of yellow for brightness; polka dots go wild over an orange organdie with a broad brown border. Delicate print in white offsets the pallav completely.

ABOVE RIGHT: It's easy to look marvellous in these two sheer crisp sarees. A zig-zag striped saree in black, flowers along the borders has floral edge, while and pallav sprays in two huge floral adorn the shocking pink and white and black pallav of a white and black cubed organdie saree.

LEFT : For those glamour occasions by day or by night. A black and white paisley saree has exotic pallav with pink flowers on the upper and lower borders, while the other has bold vertical stripes in orange and white. The pallav has delicate peacock motifs, which add to the grace and charm.

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ADVERTISE IN MIRROR MAGAZI

walk in the shadows

Continued from page 23

then she wants to go on to the Dante Alighieri translators' school in Italy...I'm beginning to think I'll have to provide you with the same remedy as Denise. How will it suit you, Nicola? I must make arrangements for you to go to Europe too — with one of your married men."

Nicola looked at him quickly, her eyes suspicious, defensive.

He continued, and now he was smiling in the strangest way. "A very happily married man, and you'll share his name, of course."

"Barak!" she said sharply, hardly daring to breathe. "What are you talking about?"

He moved closer to her, his eyes alight with laughter and something else that made her catch her breath. 'I trust you believe in those delightful interludes called honeymoons?'

"But...but..." She stared at him, wholly bewitched by that light in his eyes, trying to understand his meaning. It just wasn't possible. "Tell me straight, Barak," she begged eventually.

"Tell you what?" he asked, drawing her into the circle of his arms. "That I'm totally unable to resist you?"

"What about Denise?" she demanded, still not believing what was happening.

He sighed, pulling her closer against him, and Nicola didn't resist him. She could feel the tension in him, and her own body trembled.

"Her parents couldn't cope with Denise, and I, much to my regret, made myself responsible for her. I knew she coveted my home, but it was only recently that I discovered that both she and her parents had categorised me as the child's unofficial nance. I dispelled that illusion his morning. Denise's recent behaviour has been aimed at making me see her as a woman, but had the opposite effect. She has an old mind, but she's immature in many ways. Incidently, she dispelled an illusion of mine too this morning. She was too distraught to be careful in referring to New Year's Eve's events. I must say it was typical of Denise. Typical of Nicola too." He moved a hand to caress her cheek.

"So you know that...that there was nothing?" Nicola murmured.

"I know. Your reaction just now to the news about Baxter, your concern about Hilary and Denise's reactions, confirmed what I got out of Denise. Besides which," he continued drily, "I had a few words with Melanie this morning and she enlightened me, after a little prompting, as to the difference between holding hands and having your hands held. She also mentioned the unavoidability of certain embraces and informed me that you didn't much like Baxter. So there we have it. Just one thing; what was making you so unhappy last night if it wasn't Baxter?"

"I was...upset for you, I thought you were sad because Denise...because..."

"That was kind of you, but totally unnecessary," he assured her.

"But, Barak..." Nicola stirred against him and lifted her face in order to see his.

His arms tightened about her and she was shaken by the expression in his eyes a he went on, "When you came here, I wanted you, and shortly afterwards I found myself loving you. That was why I hated you to mention Vanessa. You came with all your bright newness, making her fade. That was a young love, darling. Where you are concerned, Nicola, I love you with a man's love for a woman, and I need and want you."

She didn't question his understanding but merely sighed happily as she read her future in his eyes and gave herself up to the sensation of being cherished.

Concluded

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TABLE TALK

Did you know that Peach Melba was named after the famous singer, Dame Nellie Melba? Late in life, she became so fond of an original delicacy made of peaches, cream, ice cream and a knob of strawberry jam that the French chef who concocted it named it in her honour. Actually, she was born Nellie Porter Mitchell, and took the name Melba as a stage name from the Australian city of Melbourne, where she was born in 1865. To be really original, try making it with pears and root ginger, halved cherries, and golden plums (or greengages), or, if you can get them thinly sliced, quinces.

Did you know that cucumbers were first eaten in Britain by working folk as refreshers after long winters on salted or pickled food, though they have been cultivated for at least 3,000 years in Northern India, their natural home? An increase in social status for the cucumber came when the Stoke Newington gardener presented George I with two on New Year's Day, 1721. After that, the "cowcumber" became fashionable fare for everyone. In Dickens's days they were "three for tuppence", but Dr. Johnson solemnly advised that they should be well sliced, dressed with oil and vinegar, and then thrown away as impossible to digest! Cut really thinly, as it should always be, no cucumber is indigestible. If you prefer them soft, however, they can always be cooked like vegetable marrow.

Did you know that we owe seedless raisins to the efforts of an English settler in California named William Thompson? About 1870, in the sunny Sacramento river valley, he was experimenting with grape vines, trying to produce a good but perfectly seedless raisin grape. He succeeded with three vines that resulted from cuttings of the English-grown Lady de Coverley grape grafted on to Muscats. Although floods later destroyed two of these vines, the survivor became the parent vine of the Thompson Seedless Raisin. They closely resemble sultanas, made from drying the small white Sultarina grape in Mediterranean countries. But there is a subtle difference: whereas the Thompson raisins are completely seedless, sultanas usually contain small, soft, edible seeds that impart a slight tartness of flavour. This is excellent in mincemeat, so keep the true seedless raisins for dessert use. They make a good addition to breakfast cereals and milk.

David Gunston

SOUP_erb! for a rainy day

Premila Lal

What is more nourishing and tempting on a rainy day than a potful of steaming hot soup? Soups are superb before lunch or dinner or just when it's raining outdoors and you want to keep yourself warm indoors.

Soups, steaming and savoury, are a delight to the palate. They may be made light or heavy enough to tempt or satisfy the appetite. There are some people who insist on soups before meals, while some use soups as a main course for either lunch or dinner, and this can easily be done by serving a very thick soup with some diced vegetables and cheese slices.

CREAMY VEGETABLE SOUP

½ cup celery, chopped
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 can condensed vegetable soup
¼ tsp. seasoned salt
2 tbsps. parsley, snipped
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
2/3 cup milk
½ cup dairy sour cream

Cook celery and onion in butter or margarine till tender. Blend in the condensed soups, milk and seasoned salt. Bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer uncovered for 5 minutes. Add sour cream. Spoon into bowls, making sure that each bowl has some sour cream. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4—5 servings.

BEEF BARLEY SOUP

1 kg short beef ribs
5 cups water
1 large onion, sliced
2 cups carrots, sliced
¾ cup green pepper, chopped
¼ cup parsley, snipped
2 tbsps. cooking oil
2 cups tomatoes, diced
1 tbsp. salt
1 cup celery, sliced
2/3 cup quick cooking barley

Heat oil in a large saucepan and brown beef ribs. Add water and all the above ingredients. Simmer, covered for 45 minutes. Cut meat from short ribs into small pieces, discarding bones. Skim the excess fat from soup. Put the meat back into the soup. Heat through. Make 8—10 servings.

PUMPKIN CHICKEN SOUP

1 chicken
2 onions, halved
250 grams tomatoes, chopped
1 cardamom
½ tsp. turmeric
2" piece ginger, ground
2 potatoes, peeled and sliced
4 cups pumpkin, cubed, skinned
Salt, chilli powder and pepper to taste

Heat enough water to cover the chicken in the cooker. Add the seasonings, ground ginger, halved onions, tomatoes, turmeric, cardamom, sliced potatoes and pumpkin cubes. Bring to pressure and reduce heat. Cook for 10 minutes. Remove the chicken carcass and separate the meat from the bones. Chop the meat and return to the pan. Heat and serve. If you want a creamy texture whisk the soup smooth in your blender.

SHRIMP SOUP

½ kg shrimps
1 tomato
1 tbsp. flour
Seasonings
3 onions, sliced
60 grams butter
Chopped parsley
1 glass white wine (optional)

Wash the shrimps well and boi in enough water. Strain and kee the liquid. Remove heads an

tails. Pound the heads with a tbsp of butter. Heat the remaining butter and cook the onions in it to a golden brown. Stir in the flour and cook for a minute. Add the shrimp stock, peeled and chopped tomato, shrimp and wine. Simmer gently for 5 minutes. Add shrimp heads. Pass the mixture through a sieve. Season with salt, and pepper. Serve garnished with chopped parsley.

WANTUN AND NOODLE SOUP

FOR THE SOUP:

1¾ litre chicken stock
1 packet Chinese noodles
1 lettuce or 1 doz. spinach leaves
1 tbsp. celery, finely chopped

FOR THE RAVIOLI DOUGH:

1 cup flour
30 grams water
1 small egg
Salt

FOR THE FILLING:

125 grams cooked, lean pork
2 dried mushroom caps
1½ tsps. soya bean sauce
Salt
2 spring onions
125 grams water chestnuts
1½ tsps. sugar

FOR THE DOUGH:

Prepare a firm dough with the flour, egg and water. Season with enough salt. Roll out on a flour board as thin as possible. Cut into 2"x2" squares.

FOR THE FILLING:

Mince pork and spring onions. Soak the mushrooms until soft. Drain and chop finely. Chop water chestnuts. Season with sugar, soya bean sauce and salt. Blend well.

Place a tsp. of this filling in the centre of each 2"x2" square. Seal well from all sides. Place the chicken stock to boil. Add stuffed ravioli and cook for 5 minutes. Add noodles and cook for 2 minutes more. Lastly add lettuce or spinach leaves and celery. Boil for one more minute. Season with salt and freshly ground pepper. Remove and serve immediately.

RAVIOLI SOUP

3 cups water
315 grams condensed beef broth
1 cup potato, diced
1 tsp. sugar
450 grams beef ravioli in sauce
2½ cups tomato juice
1 cup carrot, diced
¼ cup green onion, sliced
1 tsp. salt
240 grams spinach, drained and snipped

Prepare the beef ravoili following the instructions given in the above recipe "Wantun and Noodle Soup." Use beef instead of pork meat. Keep aside.

In a large saucepan combine water, tomato juice, beef broth, carrot, potato, onion, sugar and salt. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat. Cover and simmer till vegetables are tender. Gently stir in stuffed ravioli in sauce and spinach. Heat once again. Makes eight servings.

FRENCH ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

4 large onions, thinly sliced
315 grams condensed beef broth
2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce
6 sliced bread, ½ inch thick, toasted
4 tbsps. butter or margarine
½ cup dry sherry (optional)
A dash of pepper
1 cup cheese, grated
6 slices cheese

Melt butter or margarine in a large saucepan and cook the onions till tender. Add beef broth, sherry, Worcestershire sauce and pepper. Bring to a boil. Pour into 6 individual casseroles or ovenproof bowls. Float a slice of bread in each. Sprinkle grated cheese. Top each with a slice of cheese. Bake in 375° for 15 to 20 minutes or broil till cheese is bubbly for about 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Pan

INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT

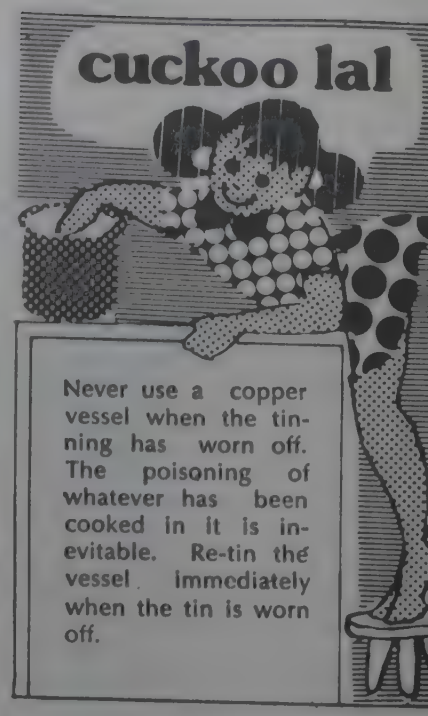
DEHYDRATED PEAS

PAN PEAS USAL.

½ pack Pan Peas; ½ coconut scraped, a pinch of hing, ½ tsp. salt, ½ teaspoon mustard seeds, jaggery to taste, 1 green chili, 2 tbsps oil.

Soak Pan Peas, Fry hing and mustard seeds in hot oil, add Pan Peas and green chili & fry. Add salt, jaggery and scraped coconut, fry. Add water to cover Pan Peas, simmer till Pan Peas are cooked.

Incentive


cuckoo lal
Never use a copper vessel when the tinning has worn off. The poisoning of whatever has been cooked in it is inevitable. Re-tin the vessel immediately when the tin is worn off.

FRENCH SOUP JULIENNE

2 potatoes
2 small turnips
2 leeks or (onions)
2 litre stock (vegetable stock may be used)
125 grams tender French beans
2 carrots
4-5 tender cabbage leaves
60 grams butter
Seasonings
½ cup cheese, grated

Using a very fine knife cut the vegetables into thin strips. Heat butter in a large saucepan. Add all vegetables (except beans) and fry for 5 minutes. Mix the stock with vegetables and bring to a boil. Simmer for 15 minutes. Then add the French beans and cook gently, for another 15 minutes. Add salt and black pepper to taste. Serve garnished with grated cheese.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) WEIKFIELD'S Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

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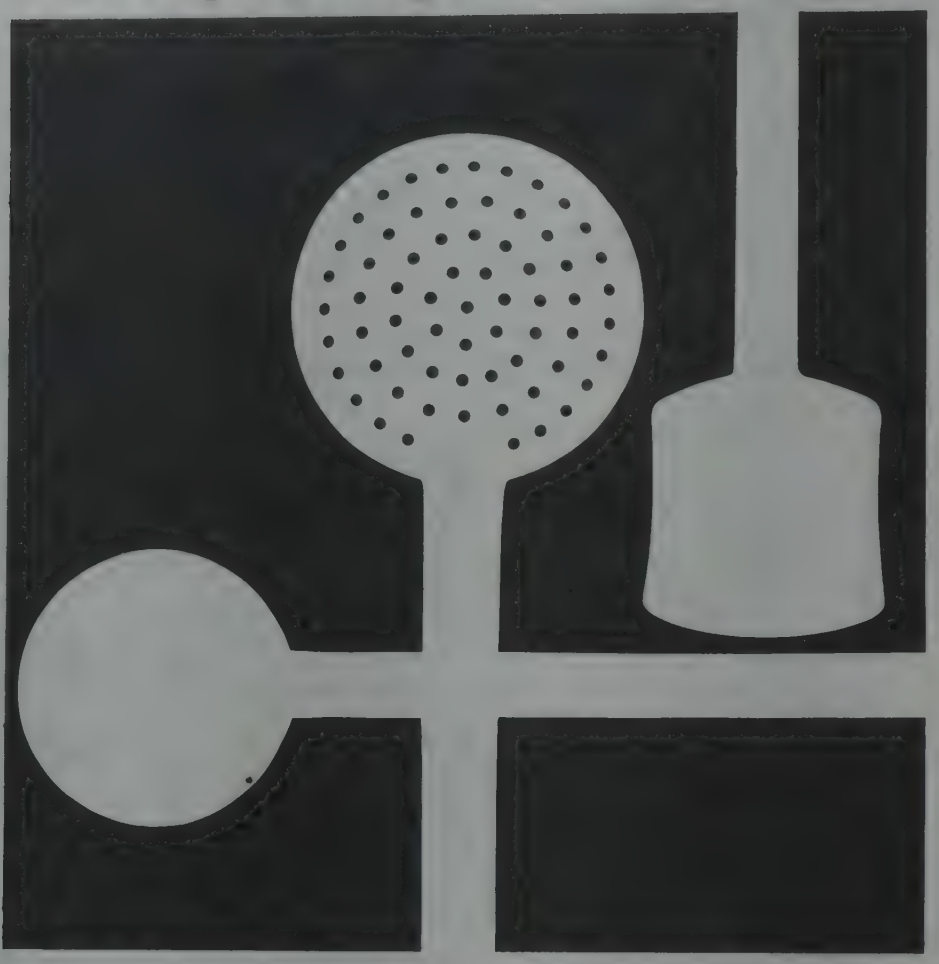

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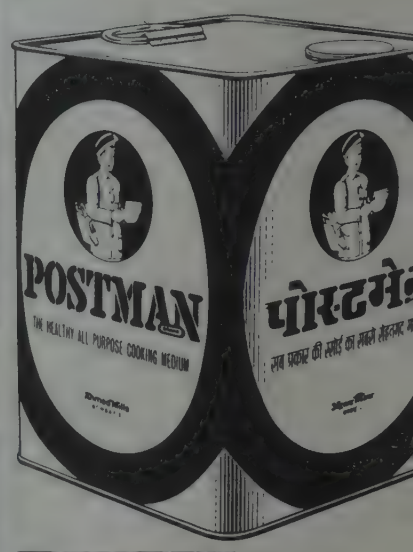

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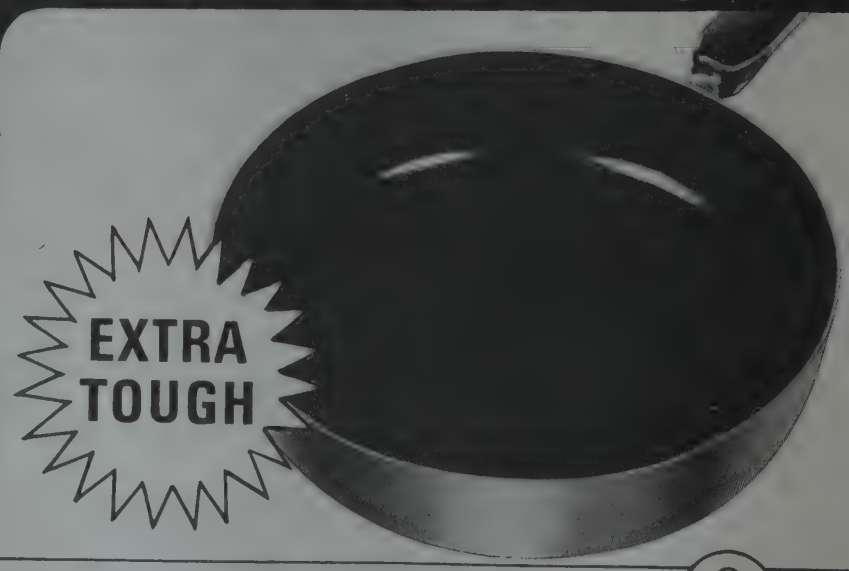

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Sally George, Baroda.

MUTTON PASANDE

½ kg boneless mutton (pricked with fork very finely)
1 pod garlic
1" piece ginger
1 large onion
1½ tsps. poppy seeds (khush khush)
2 tsps. aniseeds
2 tsps. dessicated coconut
½ tsp. turmeric powder
3 tsps. chilli powder
2-3 large tomatoes
2-3 cardamoms
3-4 cloves
3 pieces cinnamon
Some peppercorns
Salt to taste

Grind all the above ingredients (excluding the tomatoes) together into a fine paste and apply on the pricked mutton pieces. Keep aside for 15-20 minutes. Slice the onion finely. Heat oil and add the onions. When they turn brown add the mutton pieces and the tomatoes. Fry till the oil floats on top. Put in the cooker adding just enough water for the mutton to cook – no gravy. Serve hot with parathas.

Mrs. Prema Solomon, Kerala.

BRAIN PANCAKE CURRY

1 brain
3 eggs
½ tsp. pepper
1 heaped tbsps. onions, chopped
3 tomatoes chopped
1 cup thick coconut milk
4 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

4 red chillis
1 tbsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. turmeric
6 flakes garlic
¼" piece ginger
¼ tsp. garam masala

A handful of small onions

Clean and cut brain into small pieces. Beat eggs with pepper and salt to taste. Add to the egg mixture the brain pieces and chopped onions. Mix well. Heat a griddle with a little oil. Pour a ladleful of egg-brain mixture, spread well and quickly roll into a pancake. Repeat till complete mixture is used up. Cut up the pancakes into one inch pieces and keep aside. In a pan, heat the 4 tbs. oil. Add ground masala, and fry for a few minutes. Add chopped tomatoes and fry till oil bubbles up. Pour two cups of water and keep stirring. When the water starts boiling, carefully put in the pancake pieces with salt to taste. When gravy thickens, pour coconut milk and let it simmer for a few minutes. Serve hot with bread rice or chappatis. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

Ms. Vijaya Hareendran, Trivandrum.

EGG CUTLETS

6 eggs
2 potatoes boiled and mashed
1 onion, finely chopped
½ tsp. ginger, chopped
1 tsp. green chillis, chopped
½ tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tbsps. flour
1 egg, beaten
Breadcrumbs
Oil for frying

Hardboil eggs in plenty of water. Allow eggs to turn around freely, keeping yolks in the centre. Plunge into cold water, shell and cool through before slicing in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mix with double the quantity of mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper.

Fry chopped onion, ginger and green chillis and turmeric powder, till onions turn brown. Add potato-yolk mixture, stir well for a minute or two before removing from the fire. Divide mixture into 12 equal balls. Stuff each halved egg-white shell with a ball of this stuffing and form into full egg-shapes.

Roll each egg in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg and finally in breadcrumbs. Leave aside to rest for atleast half an hour. When required, deep-fry in hot oil till golden brown. Serve hot.

Mrs. Anju Khanna, Madras.

EGGS EASTER STYLE

4 eggs
1 tbsp. ghee
1 tbsp. flour
30 grams (home-made paneer)
1/3 cup milk
1 tsp. salt, red chilli powder, garam masala
1 egg
Dry breadcrumbs
Oil for frying

Hard boil the eggs. Remove the shell. Now cut them lengthwise and take out the yolks carefully. Heat ghee. Add flour and cook for ten minutes. Add milk and paneer in crumb form. Now add the egg yolks, spices and fry for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from fire. Let it cool. Fill in the egg white with the above mixture. Roll them in the breadcrumbs and the beaten egg. Deep fry. Serve hot with tomato-sauce.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Naseem Haveliwala of Bombay, wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Store-fresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

BRAIN SEEKH

1 brain
3 eggs, beaten
1 bunch of coriander leaves
1 small piece of coconut
1 lime juice
½ tsps. cummin seeds
Green chillis to taste
Salt and pepper
Turmeric powder to taste
Lettuce leaves and fried potatoes for garnishing

Wash and clean the brain. Boil it with a pinch of turmeric powder, and salt until tender. Grind to a paste coriander leaves, cummin seeds, a piece of coconut, green chillis, salt and lime juice. Apply the ground paste to the cooked brain and place it in a baking tray. Cover the brain with the beaten eggs and sprinkle salt and pepper. Bake in the oven for 15 minutes. Garnish with lettuce leaves and fried potatoes.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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KAMALINI BHANSALI —

Ardent Educationist

A person with visitors clustered around, signing papers, planning and executing programmes, obviously loaded with administrative chores, with a heap of files on her table, awaits you in her spacious chamber. This woman is Mrs. Kamalini Bhansali, Registrar, S.N.D.T. Women's University, Bombay. Mrs. Bhansali has occupied the Registrar's chair for the last 18 years.

Beginning her career as a primary and secondary school teacher, she rose to inspectress of primary schools and has now risen to the top, holding an important position in India's leading women's university.

For a person with a purely academic interest and background, to apply for an administrative post was a sort of challenge. Says Mrs. Bhansali, "I have always been interested in working for women. I thought by joining a women's university I would be able to do more for women."

In her 18-year career as Registrar, Mrs. Bhansali has worked under three Vice-Chancellors. "All of them have given me good scope and encouraged me," she says. The first VC was Mrs. Premila Thackersey. About her, Mrs. Bhansali says, "She taught me to be practical. Though Lady

Thackersey was not a highly educated person, she was very practical minded."

Mrs. Bhansali recalled Mrs. Thackersey's love and affection for the entire institution. From Mrs. Sharda Diwan, second VC of S.N.D.T., Kamaliniben learnt to be firm in her decisions. Her association with the present Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Madhuriben Shah, dates back to her student days. "She has always guided me," says Mrs. Bhansali, "with her dynamism, vast experience and alertness; I have learnt a lot from her."

Although her purely administrative work as a Registrar could have brought a sense of frustration, her deep involvement in the continuing education programmes conducted by the University has given her a feeling of fulfilment.

Mrs. Bhansali is in charge of the Department of Continuing Education since its inception in 1971. The department was established with a view to giving women an opportunity to cope with the progress and development and the new challenges that women face in India in recent times. The programmes are arranged under three broad categories: (1) Awareness: dealing with social subjects like family planning, general health and social futures. (2) Informative: Under this programme short term courses on subjects like photography, public speaking and journalism are conducted. A recent introduction in this line is a course in appreciation of classical Indian dances. (3) Adult education: Mrs. Bhansali presented a paper on "Planning extension programmes" at the University Grants Commission zonal conference on adult/continuing education at Bhubaneshwar last March.

In her paper she states: "The Government under its national policy statement has decided to universalise elementary education up to the age of 14 years and extend educational facilities to an adult population of 10 crores in the age-group of 15 to 35 within the next few years. In order to achieve this, universities will have to assume extension work as the third responsibility and give it the same status as research and teaching for formal disciplines. . ."

According to Mrs. Bhansali, her University is at present at the preparatory stage of training and orienting students as well as teachers for the adult education programme to be undertaken by her department. "This programme will enable us to come nearer to the community, benefiting both the givers and the receivers equally," says Mrs. Bhansali.

The Department of Continuing Education has so far dealt with 125 subjects and nearly 10,000 people have participated in these programmes. There is a well-knit feedback system which helps the department to enrich the programmes further.

Mrs. Bhansali is a member of the Standing Committee on Continuing Education of the U.G.C., Delhi, and of the Executive Committee of the Indian University Association for Continuing Education, Delhi. She is also a member of the Board of Studies in Adult Education of Shri Venkateswara University, Tirupati, and on the editorial board of "Prasar", a journal devoted to theory, research and field practice in adult/continuing education.

Mrs. Bhansali is life-member of the Indian Adult Education Association, Delhi. She has participated as resource person in national and zonal seminars on Continuing/Adult Education arranged by the U.G.C. and the Indian University Association for Continuing Education.

Kamaliniben was invited by the West German Government on an educational tour in 1964. She has also participated in a programme on "Students' Personnel Services," U.S.A. at the invitation of the United States Educational Foundation in India in 1965.

Recently she visited Hungary as a member of a delegation appointed by the Government of India to study the programme of Continuing Education in Hungary. There Mrs. Bhansali was impressed by the extensive education programmes through radio, T.V. and community centres called "Own Your University" programmes. "Such programmes involve a lot of money," says Mrs. Bhansali, "but they could be implemented at a small fraction in our country to begin with."

Mrs. Bhansali is a member of a number of educational institutions: the Bombay City Social Educational Committee; the Education Committee, the National Association for the Blind; the World Education Fellowship and the Altrusa Club of Bombay.

The Registrar believes there is a lot to be achieved in the educational field. She feels education should be need based and more relative. "In our country so much stress is put on structural rigidity that it has retarded our progress," opines Mrs. Bhansali. She thinks nonformal education in the form of package courses would widen opportunities for women.

About the 10+2+3 system, Mrs. Bhansali says, "There are more losses than gains due to this system." She feels ideally the system has many advantages but its implementation has not kept in line with its ideal philosophy. As a result, the introduction of this system has turned into a mess creating dissatisfaction, frustration, organisational incapabilities and uncertainty among parents, students and teachers.

How much does the change of Government affect the education policy? I asked Mrs. Bhansali. "We are put to financial and organisational difficulties as a result," she replied.

Mrs. Bhansali has benefited a lot through her post as a University Registrar. Her post has brought her tremendous self-confidence. It has enabled her to develop organisational talent, broadened her vision and personality and approach to life. She has been able to come into contact with various institutions and individuals, giving her a chance to study human nature and the psychological aptitudes of people.

Mrs. Bhansali has contributed articles for educational journals. She is the joint editor of "Report of the round table discussion on future trends in women's higher education and the role of S.N.D.T. in it."

Kamaliniben is married to Mr. Harshad N. Bhansali, Divisional Manager, TELCO. Her daughter Paulomi is a medical student and son Sunil is a student of architecture.

Asha N. Vora

true confession

IT WAS MY LIFE OR MY MARRIAGE

The first time I came to my husband's ancestral home to live in a large joint family, I knew that something was wrong. I did not feel at home because the people who were already there seemed to have some secret simmering between them.

Ravi, my husband, was not such a stranger to me. After the formal ceremony of our marriage, the pair of us had been despatched to the hills for a holiday. There we had got to know each other as much as it is possible to know each other in a space of eight days. When the money ran out we came home and I was plummeted into a tense joint family atmosphere.

That first night, alone in the bedroom that had been allotted to us, I asked Ravi in hushed tones, afraid of stirring up some ghosts from the past, "This is a peculiar house, isn't it? Almost without feeling."

He looked at me. He was brushing his teeth and mumbled something, but I could not make out what it was because he spoke from one corner of the mouth without removing his tooth-brush. When he had rinsed his mouth, he daubed at his lips with a napkin and said, "Alka, isn't it too early to make an assessment of that?"

"I didn't mean any slight to the people in it," I replied. "It's just that I don't feel very comfortable."

"That's because you're new," he explained. "You'll feel O.K. when you're better acquainted with the rest of the family."

He had two brothers older than him, both married. I had seen their wives briefly at my own wedding. They were both fair and buxom. Sarla was the elder one and she had the run of the kitchen. Urmilla was the second one and she managed the outside activities. She did the marketing every morning, bringing groceries and vegetables from the nearest bazaar.

Within a week, I knew the set-up.

I didn't know what part I was expected to play. To play it safe, I stayed home and helped with the household chores. Sarla was several years older than me. She told me about the family business all morning. They dealt in timber, which was cut from the richly wooded area around and then despatched in lorries to the foot hills.

I went and stood on the verandah which overlooked the slopes. There were trees as far as the eye could see — a beautiful vista. Coming as I did from a city where there wasn't a tree for miles, I was absolutely fascinated. I wanted to wander in the labyrinths but Ravi warned me against it. I pressed him to tell me the reason, but he was noncommital and I left it alone. He seemed to tense if I so much as mentioned it and I didn't want to cause any friction between us.

Every morning the men drove off in the jeep and the empty hours stretched endlessly till dusk. I occupied myself reading in my room because there was never anything much to do after the menu was given for the day and Sarla finished quite quickly with her morning duties. Urmilla went shopping for groceries around ten o'clock sitting in the back of the car, with Kumar the chauffeur driving her there in style. It was an exotic life, but I was bored. The first thing that struck me was the absence of children. Their rollicking voices might have given some life to the dull house.

I wondered how Sarla occupied herself the livelong day. There were servants to do all the chores. All they required was a little supervision. She did not read at all. Once I asked Ravi in our private moments, "I'm intrigued how Sarla passes her time."

"How do you?" he asked me.

"I read," I replied, "she doesn't even do that."

"She can't read," he told me. "She's not educated."

"Your brothers must be married for years," I said. "Did they never have children? Or did they lose them somehow?"

His lips became a thin line and he shut up like a clam.

"Please Ravi," I pleaded. "Tell me. There is some secret in the family. You are keeping something from me."

One day when only Sarla and I were alone in the house, I got tired of reading. I thought I would go in search of her and find out if she would tell me what Ravi didn't. Being lonely like me, I was certain she would welcome company. I knocked on the door of her room. There was no reply. Wondering if she had gone out with Urmilla, I pushed the door open and peeped in.

She was seated in the centre of the room with half closed eyes. In front of her were spread herbs, limes, bits of string and human hair. My mind flew at once to the tales of black magic I had read about and heard. A sinister feeling gripped me.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

She opened her eyes and saw me. Her face changed from calm to livid.

"What do you want?" she asked. The large saffron mark in the centre of her forehead had rice sticking to it.

"Nothing in particular," I mumbled. "I came for a chat."

"Can't you see I'm busy?" she snapped.

I withdrew discreetly, shutting the door after me. The memory of her sitting there haunted me all day.

In the evening I told Ravi.

"I think your sister-in-law indulges in black magic."

"Don't be silly," he chided. "There's no such thing. What age are you living in?"

"I tell you I saw her sitting there with herbs and string and human hair. There were strange markings on the floor."

"She's very religious. She closets herself in her room to pray," he assured me. But I was not at ease.

The next morning when everybody prepared to leave, I clutched Ravi's arm frantically. "Don't leave me alone," I cried. "Please!"

"Don't be melodramatic, Alka," he said. "I'll come back in the evening."

"I'm afraid to be all alone with her."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. There's a houseful of servants."

I stood and watched as the men drove off in a cloud of dust. I sought out Urmilla.

"Can I come marketing with you?" I asked. "I'm bored."

She agreed to take me. It was a welcome respite. I got dressed and waited. Minutes before we were due to leave, I was seized with such a gripping pain in the pit of my stomach that tears came to my eyes. I clutched my sides and sat down on the ground.

Urmilla came up concerned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Even through the blaze of pain, I knew instinctively that this was Sarla's doing. For some reason she was out to harm me. I wanted to tell Urmilla this, but Sarla was there, a shadow between us.

"Go and lie down in your room," sai

Urmilla. "I will go and get a doctor."

"No," I cried in a strangled voice. "Take me with you."

"You can't come with me," she soothed. "You're in great pain. The roads are rough. The jolting will make you worse."

They helped me to bed between them.

Soon after, I heard the car start up and knew that Urmilla had left. I felt a chill panic. I moaned and called out to Ravi and hoped he would hear in some vague telepathic way. There was no way of contacting them. Once they left in their jeep, the men never stayed in one spot but moved constantly from base to base, supervising the cutting of a tree.

Sarla came into the room. She put her hand on my forehead. "Get away," I cried. "Don't touch me."

"I'll get you something to drink. It's a herbal remedy."

"No," I cried. I had a feeling that even this pain was caused by something she had added to my food.

The doctor came two hours later with Urmilla.

He examined me, but found nothing amiss.

"We can't tell, though, till we take an X-ray," he said. "Meanwhile I will give something to ease the pain."

The medicine he gave didn't work. When Ravi came in the evening, I broke down and wept.

"Take me away," I cried. "I hate it here."

He sat beside me in a night long vigil while I raved.

The next day, Ravi did not go into the forests with his brothers. He took me instead to a specialist in the nearest town to give me a complete check up. We spent almost the entire day in a hotel, waiting for reports of various tests they had carried out. At the end of it all I got a clean chit.

This convinced Ravi more than ever that my malady was all in the mind. But I was not fooled. I knew the insidious effects of black magic which caused all the symptoms of illness mysteriously, without any apparent cause that could be pinpointed by doctors.

Rest was advised for me and I was drugged with so many medicines that I was drowsy most of the time. In my near state of coma I got dreams in which I saw Sarla coming mumbling strange chants and putting things on my forehead and at my feet. I wrote about my suspicions in a letter to my mother because no one in the new family into which I had been pushed, were prepared to take me seriously. She didn't reply for days and I was on edge all the time.

"Is there anything for me?" I asked every day when the mail arrived. But there was never anything. Getting no response from home made me tense and nervy. I wrote another letter, more copious and detailed than the last one, pouring out my fears. When there was no response to this either for 15 days, I began to wonder if my letters were going out at all. Or were they being destroyed?

The pain in my stomach was not so intense now. It came on and off but never struck with as much severity as it had the first time. One day, the family doctor dropped in one morning, just to see how I was. It overwhelmed me. No one had given me such attention in days. Urmilla was out as usual and Sarla was closeted in her room.

I gave him tea on the verandah overlooking the hills. It was mellow and warm in the sun and probably the silence made him communicative.

"Are you happy here?" he asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"There's something strange about this house," he said.

"Have you felt it, too?" I asked. "It struck me the first day I came to live here."

"When I saw his first wife waste away," he said slowly, "I thought it was on account of some chronic illness. But seeing you too. . ."

"Whose first wife?" I asked surprised.

"Ravi's, of course," he replied, amazed. "Didn't you know about her?"

"No," I said. "We were given to understand that this was his first marriage."

"No," he said. "He was married before. She was pregnant. Then one day she went

There seemed to be a curse on our house, my sister-in-law was a sorceress, and children died mysteriously. Finally I had to choose between my husband and my survival

for a walk in the hills and never came back."

I knew now why Ravi had forbidden me to go.

"There seems to be some jinx about children," he went on.

"Do you know there have been no children in the family for years? Your husband's eldest brother Yadav had two sons. They were both killed in a terrible jeep accident when they were less than three years old."

I shivered. The sun had gone behind clouds and a breeze was starting up.

"Shall we go in?" he said.

After he had left, I sat and brooded for a long time. In the end I decided to tell Ravi we had to leave this place. It gave me the creeps. I had a suspicion I was pregnant, though I did not tell anybody. The moment Ravi came home and went to his room to change, I followed him there and said, "I must talk do you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Your family doctor was here this morning and he's told me everything. Look Ravi, please let's go away from here. Or do you want me to die like she did?"

He gave a gasp. Then grew annoyed

"You mean Kirti?" he asked. "I'm sorry you learnt about that. I thought I would keep her death a secret and spare you undue worry and fear."

"You might have told me that you were married before. You tricked us."

"Why are you making a such a to-do about it? Haven't men married a second time on the death of their first wife?"

"I feel cheated because you kept the fact from me. I had to learn it from a third party."

He came now and held me by the shoulders and looked into my eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. When he did that I melted and forgave him. I had grown so fond of him in the time we had spent together that I didn't let his lapse in such an important matter sour my life.

Instead, I told him the secret I had been keeping to myself. "I'm going to have a baby," I said.

I had thought he would be happy. But he released me at once as if he had been stung.

"What is it?" I asked alarmed.

"Some harm will befall you," he said. "The shadow of children here brings disaster in its wake."

"That's why I want to go away from here," I cried.

"We can't," he said fiercely. "These estates are my very life."

Three days later, the pain which had come only slightly before, suddenly turned violent again. The doctor was called. But before he could come I knew what was wrong. I was bleeding profusely. It was a miscarriage. When Ravi came home and saw me lying pale and wan in bed, he took my hand and kissed it.

"Thank God!" he said. "Thank God the child died in you. Now you will be safe."

I wasn't. Five months later I discovered I was pregnant again. Then began peculiar headaches which came on and off and confined me to bed for days at a stretch. I was examined again by the doctor and the moment he learnt my condition, he blamed the pain on tension. He advised me to go away at once.

For weeks now I had been feeling miserable. Psychological or not, I knew the anxiety was going to destroy me one day. I wanted to get away from it all.

One day, after several nights of sleepless tension, I turned my black-ringed eyes on the doctor who had come to examine me. He had enlightened me once on the history of calamities in the family. I was sure he wouldn't let me down now.

"Doctor," I said, in a whisper. "Will you help me? I want to get away from here."

I know I should have told Ravi and gone away with his concurrence. But I knew what he would say when I told him. It would be the same old story all over again.

I had no money of my own. The family finances were completely in the hands of the men. It was the doctor who helped me. He bought a ticket for me to my mother's town. He even picked me up and put me on the train. I had to change trains twice en route, but I was prepared for anything, after what I had been through.

I left a letter for Ravi, hoping he would follow me. But my entire action was misconstrued in the worst possible light. I don't know how the family twisted the facts as they did, nor why the doctor never went back to the weird house where I had spent so many tense months. I only know my reputation is blackened for good. Maybe the doctor died. Or migrated. Only, they thought he had run away with me.

Ravi didn't reply to my parting note. Nor to any letter I wrote to him thereafter. There was no response either to the telegram I sent him on the birth of our daughter. I have no regrets. Life in that eerie atmosphere would only have been a living death. This way at least my child is alive.

BRITTLE NAILS

My nails are brittle with the result they hardly grow. I want long nails. How can I prevent them from breaking?

V.M. (Madras)

Brittle nails are due to lack of vitamin C. You can rectify this condition by including milk, curds, cheese, eggs, meat and citrus fruits in your diet. Take a course of vitamin C tablets too.

Gelatine taken in a glass of water or fruit juice every morning helps to strengthen weak nails.

TO TRIM WAISTLINE

I am 23 and have a good figure except for my waistline. Please give some exercises to reduce it.

B.T. (Chandigarh)

Here are a couple of exercises, but you must do them regularly and combine them with proper diet for good results.

1. Lie flat on the floor, arms and legs straight out. Now sit up. Then bend to touch left foot with fingertips of both hands keeping head low. Repeat to right side.

2. Stand straight with feet slightly apart. Raise right arm over head. Bend body to left at the same time sliding left hand down at the back of knee. Bounce your body sideways two-three times. Return to starting position. Repeat on the right side.

3. Sit cross-legged on the floor. Swing arms over head and to right touching fingers to floor on right side as far from your body as possible. Then swing arms to the left side.

TRY IT ON YOUR SKIN

CHOOSING RIGHT PERFUME

I get very confused when I go to buy a perfume because I don't know which one to buy. Can you tell me how to choose one?

E. F. (Calcutta)

When shopping for perfume don't try out more than two-three perfumes, otherwise you will not be able to distinguish between various scents. Each one of us has a difficult chemical make-up, so always try the perfume on skin — merely sniffing at the bottle will not help. And remember, what may smell nice on your friend may not be suited to you.

Buy a small bottle first and once you have opened it, use it, don't keep it for special occasions. For daytime, wear a light scent and keep the heavier one for the evening.

To get the maximum out of your perfume, apply it on pulse spots — behind your ears, base of throat, on ear lobes, wrists, inside the elbows and knees.

CHOOSING A FOUNDATION

I am 16 and want to start using a foundation as my skin is patchy. Can you tell me how to choose the right shade which will suit my complexion?

A. K. (Delhi)

Before buying a foundation, you should try it out to see if it suits you. Take a little and test it on your inside wrist — if barely visible it is the right shade for you.

Apply a dot on your forehead, nose, cheeks and chin. Blend well all over the face. If the shade is matched properly there will be no ugly line of demarcation.

SMITA SHASTRY:

MAKING ART AVAILABLE TO ALL

Hearing the next item announced as a garba, I resigned myself to watching another of those inane "folk dances" of the type we see in Bombay, where the "folk" element of the dance is lost in the "filmi" gimmicks of the dancers. Perhaps realising the audience's fears, the announcer went on to inform us that this particular item had been learnt from the women of a village in Gujarat.

"I didn't want to present a hotch-potch in the name of folk dance," explained Smita Shastri, director, Nartan School of Classical Dances, Ahmedabad, who had put up the show in Bombay. "My students and I go to villages in Gujarat, stay with the villagers and learn dances from them, which have been performed for centuries, and which have a significance in the daily life of the villagers. We have been able to discover many dances which we never knew existed. The other day, we learnt a Gujarati song from a beggar girl in a Bombay train!"

The reason why Smita Shastry teaches folk dances at her school of classical dances is to give her students "stage maturity, so that when it is time for them to give their **arangetram**, (their first performance) they don't get stage fright.

"Actually, I am putting my own popularity as a dancer at stake by presenting my students in folk dances — which always get more applause. But because I still remember having felt suppressed when I wanted to shine, I would not want my students to feel that they are not being given enough of a chance.

"I want my students to be absolutely self-sufficient in dance when they pass out from my school. The only men in my school are the musicians. In whatever corner of the world they may be, I want my students to feel capable of putting up a performance on their own."

Being self-sufficient is doubly important for Nartan students since out of 210, 40 per cent of them are taught free of charge and quite a large proportion of them are daughters of "local potters, or domestics or postmen. These people cannot afford to teach their daughters. In most dance schools, even upper middle-class students are discriminated against — however subtly — because most of them are the daughters of millionaires.

"The experience of having performed on stage or on TV will help these girls later, when they look for jobs. Knowing dance adds to a girl's worth even in marriage. Why should the poor be deprived of such opportunities?"

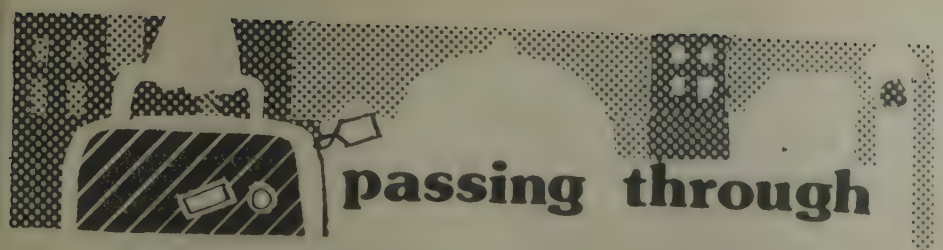
Smita herself started learning dance when she was three. Her father, a doctor, observing her movements as an infant felt sure that she had the potential. Mrinalini Sarabhai's Darpana Academy was conveniently nearby.

Smita gave her **arangetram** in Bharata Natyam, but switched to Kuchipudi to which "I always felt an attraction. Also, the learning of dance has to be based on a close **guru-shishya** relationship and my Kuchipudi guru, Gurushri C. R. Acharyalu had always been like a father to me. Besides, Bharata Natyam is not only quite common in Gujarat, but its language also being Tamil, it becomes difficult for a Gujarati audience to get involved in it. Kuchipudi uses Telugu, which has a Sanskrit base."

Smita's mastery over Kuchipudi, rare for a dancer from Gujarat, was evident from her rendering of "Mayur Kautam", an item in which the dancer dances on a white cloth covered with coloured powder, to form an image of a peacock through her dance. This item is performed by very few Kuchipudi dancers, says Smita.

Although Nartan teaches "pure" folk dance, the focus is on classical dance, which is a "sadhana." Doesn't she ever find it repetitive and outdated? "Classical dance is based on and limited to religious — love themes. But don't you think the situations we portray are part of our everyday life given a new perspective? I describe dance as symbolic of patterns of life. Dance, for me, is organic and dynamic; its harmony with life has to be understood intuitively."

J. P.



ELIZABETH EGAN:

MISS GARDEN from VICTORIA

Chosen Miss Garden in the first contest of its kind held last November in the State of Victoria, Australia, Elizabeth Egan was in India recently with an Australian TV crew to film Indian gardens in Kashmir, Delhi, Jaipur and Agra. Promoting the State of Victoria, known as "the garden-state," as a tourist spot is Elizabeth's responsibility till the next contest in November '78.

So far, she has been doing this within Australia and now in India, and hopes to be sent abroad too.

Elizabeth wanted to be a nurse, and used to model occasionally to pay for the course. Becoming Miss Garden changed all that. Her ambition now is to model in Paris and some day make it as a Vogue model. "But first I must be recognised in my own country, where modelling is a very competitive profession," she says. "A good agent is of great help. But right now I have to make my own contacts. Winning the contest has given me tremendous publicity and saved me a lot of struggling for assignments." Right now, Elizabeth is a freelance model with an agency in Melbourne. She has done a four-month course in modelling and feels that patience and perseverance is necessary to become a successful model. However, she is fully aware of the handicaps of the profession. "In Australia, models can't live off modelling only, in spite of it being very paying. Most models do it only as a part-time job. Also, even very popular models do not stay at the top for very long — there's too much competition from younger ones. Those who have a good voice take to compering fashion shows or doing TV commercials, once they give up active modelling."

Elizabeth found Kashmir India's most beautiful region. "Delhi's architecture fascinates me but it is a mixture of old and new, like any other big city. But I have spent too little time in India, to judge the whole country or even to study the variety of gardens here," she said regretfully.

Jyotsna Kapoor

SUSAN ALLAN'S FASHIONS— Catering To Middle Class, Successful, Career Women

Her association with India dates back to 1971. Seven years ago, when she was in India, says fashion designer Susan Allan, nobody knew how to make a pattern, how to drape a dress properly, how to coordinate colours... which, undoubtedly is an exaggeration. Foreigners wouldn't keep gravitating to this country to place more orders, the export business wouldn't be booming as it is, and Ms. Allan wouldn't keep returning to India, again and again and again, year after year, to seek the inspiration she says she gets just by walking, sorry, driving through the streets of Bombay or Delhi or Madras. Right? But, Susan hastens to add, "Within ten to 15 years, India is going to be another Hong Kong." God forbid! A shopper's paradise?

Fashion designer for "Nirvana", an Indian firm based in New-York, Susan designs junior sportswear for women in the 18 to 40 age group. Couture is not practical enough, she feels. "How many women can afford to spend 500 dollars on an outfit? I'm interested in volume — at the fashion level. I don't mean crepe shirts, not just plain clothes. My top priority is to make my collection excellent."

Susan caters for the middle class ("I don't care for about 200 rich women in the major cities"), successful, career women. "They're more fashion oriented, they care more about their appearance and they have more money to spend on clothes — it's their money."

Why come to India? "The fabrics are Indian. The designs are ours. What's Indian is production and the inspiration this country gives me with colours and fabrics."

Indian handlooms appeal to Americans. Besides, mill-made material manufactured in India is much cheaper than fabrics available in the U.S.A. A jacket which Susan sells for 20 dollars wholesale, (40 dollars retail) "looks like a jacket that sells for 80 dollars in the U.S!"

Much of the credit goes to our tailors in India. "Nirvana" has 50 tailors in this country who make skirts, blouses and trousers designed by Susan. Six factories in India cater to Susan's creative needs. She comes to India each year, selects fabrics, designs the garments, presents herself as model — tries them on — okays them and takes them across to New York where the sales staff take over to supply various boutiques and stores in America.

Susan's very involved in her profession. "It's deadly — very very competitive." But, she says, there are only four or five of them (American designers) who have made it big with export houses operating from New York.

"Clothes are so exciting," she enthused. "They are new each season. Sure, we follow European fashions. We generally adhere to some of the trends set by Paris and Parisians in turn follow ours. Everyone in Paris is clad in jeans which are typical of America."

Right now, says Susan, the fashion scene is dominated by two parallel movements: **Retro,** in which past fashions are being revived and adapted to the present; and the **Modern** which is influenced by "Star Wars" and Disco. "The two are living side by side. For my Holiday Collection in New York I had mod, sexy outfits, ideal for dancing and the discotheques, as well as outfits resembling those of the '30s and the '40s..."

Susan visits Paris, consults friends in New York who are in the fashion business, to get ideas. "There's no such thing as complete originality in fashion. I don't steal directly. I adapt from what I see. There isn't a designer in the world who does not. Even St. Laurent goes to gypsies and adapts their fashions; the Nepalese influence is evident in Kenzo's (of Japan) creations."

Vivid, unusual and eye-catching combinations of the Rajasthani dresses inspire Susan's colour schemes.

Her professional interest in the country apart, Susan doesn't view India as the average foreigner or tourist would. Sights don't interest her as much as the people of the place. "I find myself at home in any of the big cities here. If you live and design in New York you are restricted. India's a totally different world. It's so fascinating. But people are people anywhere...I'm not a limited person. I'm very much a part of the jet age. Flying back and forth from one part of the world to another poses no problem...Both India and New York are my homes!"

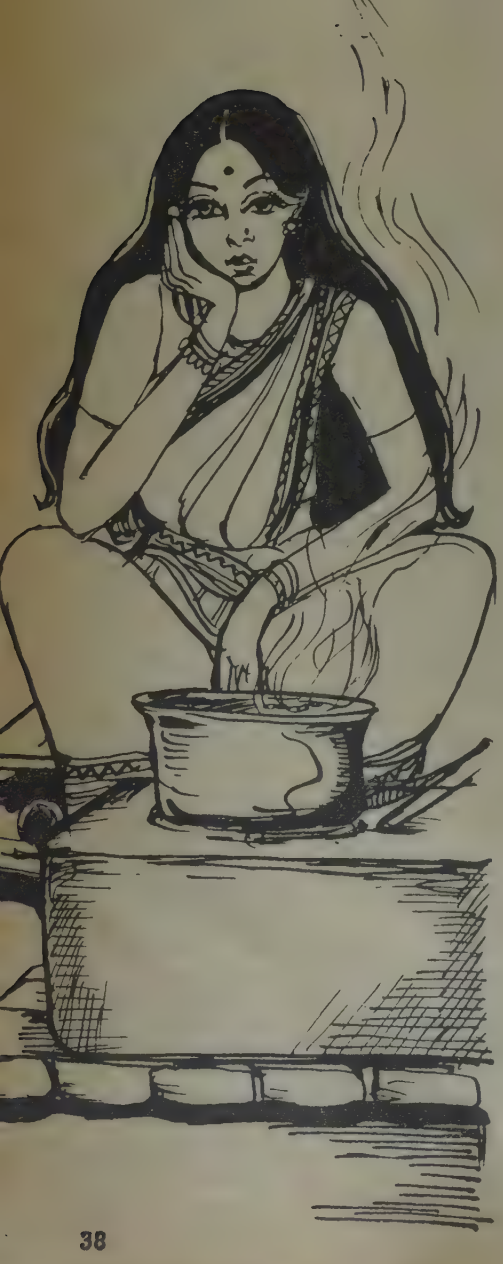
One reason which, perhaps, explains Susan's feeling so comfortably at home here is the fact that she hasn't been exposed to the real India. The people she associates with, "Peope I know here are so sophisticated, so worldly," constitute just five per cent of the Indian population. She fits into that society as snugly as does the glove on her hand. Susan's not interested in knowing the rest. "I'm not interested in living in a village for a month."

Fair enough. Susan's happy with the sophisticated Indians, the concept of vegetarianism (she has become a vegetarian) and the heat! "I love Bombay's humidity. I feel healthier in Bombay than in any other place — other than the Carribean." No kidding!

Ratu Kamlani

the rice smuggler

Jayshree Chatterjee



IT was the morning after her boubhat and three days after wedding. Swapna stood near the window looking out at the cars, buses and trams on the road outside. It was a busy scene and yet even the screeching of brakes and the blowing of horns struck her as peaceful. Well, it was certainly more peaceful than the tension and fear she had always lived with! In fact it was in anticipation of this kind of peace that she had accepted Ratin's proposal.

"You've led such an exhausting life for the last thirteen years," he had said. "Why not marry me and lead a peaceful life in the city?" And he had gone on to outline what that peace meant — she wouldn't have to worry about reaching her destination on time, about escaping from a zealous ticket collector while on a train and, worst of all, about hiding from the police. And this alternative had really sounded soothing compared to the hectic life she was leading.

Swapna had joined the hectic trade of smuggling rice from surplus areas to the city at the age of seven. At the time, she used to live with her sister and brother-in-law at Tribeni in the Hoogly district where the price of rice was much cheaper than it was in Calcutta.

"Why don't you help your brother-in-law to earn some money instead of just sitting at home doing nothing?" Swapna's sister had said to the seven-year-old girl one day.

The next morning she had found herself on a train bound for Calcutta — the first of many such journeys. She had with her a torn and dirty piece of cloth, the remnants of an old sari, tied into a bundle containing rice. Her sister had introduced her to the leader of the gang which operated between Tribeni and Calcutta. "Take care of her," she had said. "The child is quickwitted. She'll learn fast."

A movement in the kitchen claimed Swapna's attention. Pulling the border of her sari over her head she peeped out of her room to see Didibhai, her brother-in-law's wife, getting ready to cook the morning meal. Swiftly she made her way to the kitchen. "May I help you Didibhai?" she asked, glancing at the pot which her sister-in-law had just put on the fire. A familiar sight of greyish white water and a few grains of rice sticking to the rim of the vessel met her eyes. Didibhai was cooking rice for her brother-in-law and husband, both of whom worked in a factory.

"Will your sister-in-law tease me about having smuggled rice?" Swapna had asked Ratin one day, before their marriage.

"Of course not," Ratin had said and had privately decided to speak to his sister-in-law about this. After all, Didibhai was a tease, but she was also very fond of him.

However, Ratin had been genuinely suprised and amused at Didibhai's reaction. "I tease a rice thief! Are you crazy? I'm the one you'll have to protect! I know these rice thieves very well. They are dreadfully quarrelsome. And they can shout anyone down! I've seen them very often in the trains picking up quarrels with the other passengers just for the fun of it! I'm the one who'll be like a new bride, keeping quiet while your wife harangues me!"

She had found a good husband and a good home, but missed the excitement of smuggling rice, her girlhood occupation

Ratin had hastened to explain that Swapna was different, which she certainly was in many ways. But she had been quarrelling, literally screaming at the top of her voice the day he had first seen her.

A middle-aged gentleman who had been standing in the compartment of the train bound for Calcutta had been complaining about the lack of an adequate number of seats for quite sometime. Suddenly he happened to glance over his shoulder at the passengers at the other end of the compartment. Amongst the passengers seated were Swapna and her four friends from Tribeni.

One might have mistaken Swapna for an innocent traveller because, despite her long years as a rice smuggler, there was something distinctive about her way of dressing and carrying herself that set her apart from other girls of her kind. But of her friends, there was no doubt. Besides, she had been a bit careless in concealing her bundle of rice that morning. A large part of it could be seen beside her legs, under the seat. The gentleman had looked at her with suspicion mingled with doubt. Then he had caught sight of the bundle.

"Let me see your tickets," he had shouted. "We spend money buying tickets and have to stand all the way to Calcutta. You wretched rice smugglers don't even bother to buy tickets and yet you always find yourselves places to sit."

Swapna's companions had sniggered but had waited for her to reply. They took turns at dealing with troublesome passengers and today was her turn. Any other day she would have given an insolent reply. But today she did not want to be insolent. She was very conscious of a young man, probably a factory worker, who was sitting opposite her. He was of medium height with medium features but he had large, sympathetic eyes.

To Ratin, however, the girl opposite him was not just average — there was something about the way she held herself, about her black eyes which seemed so alive, that held his attention. Her companions had brown, dry hair, full of split ends, that had been hastily twisted into knots behind their heads and were wearing saris and blouses that didn't match. But not so Swapna. She wore her hair in a bun too, but it had been well combed. And though both her sari and blouse were faded, they were worn with a certain grace.

It was when she had found the gentleman towering over her and abusing her that Swapna decided it was time to enter the fray. From the corner of her eyes she could see the look of shocked surprise on the face of her admirer as her voice rose. But there was no way to avoid it.

"Please Didibhai, let me cook the rice. Or would you prefer me to cut the vegetables?" asked Swapna.

Didibhai glanced at her sister-in-law, wondering what sort of an answer was expected from her. "You're still a new bride," she replied eventually. "Just talk to me while I cook."

"Then I'll look after the rice," said Swapna firmly, stirring the contents of the pot vigorously. The greyish white gruel was boiling and big bubbles burst on its surface. Swapna sat on her haunches before the fire and peered at it.

The rice they used to boil at home at Tribeni used to be in larger quantities and in bigger vessels. Her sister used to buy paddy from the farmers so as to get it at the cheapest possible rate. Then, at home, she and Swapna would pick all the grains of paddy off the stalks. After that they would boil the paddy in huge aluminium dekchis and then spread the grains out in the sun to dry. In the evening Swapna would take the paddy to the store next door where they had a machine to remove the husks. But she never really liked this part of the work.

"It's not exciting," she would often complain to her sister. "I prefer taking the rice to Calcutta and selling it there. There's a sense of achievement in getting to the city without being caught by either the ticket collectors or the police and then bargaining with the shopkeepers there for the highest possible price."

And she would go on to explain the thrills of her trade. She spoke of the stifling feeling of excitement mingled with fear she

had felt on the occasions on which she had seen a policeman. Some of them were content to accept a bribe for overlooking the presence of Swapna and her friends. Others really caught them and took them to the police station. So when Swapna saw them she would rush to the footboard and climb, very gingerly, along the foot-board of the compartment till she reached the end. Then she would balance precariously on the black links connecting the two compartments and flatten her body against the front of one to void detection. It was a dangerous thing to do right from the moment she stepped out of the compartment onto the foot-board. Even if the train was not moving at full speed it was dangerous. If her foot slipped and she fell on the rails the result would be instant death. But it gave her a sense of adventure to stand there, the wind blowing in her hair as it rushed by, and swept pieces of grit into her eyes.

Once she had tried to explain the thrill of these moments to Ratin but though he had listened with fascinated horror he had scolded her for risking her life like this. "Your sister ought to have more sense," he had almost shouted. "She ought to get you married. Not let you court death every day."

Gradually she had begun to look forward to meeting him every day in the train and deliberately tried to be on the one she knew he travelled by.

"Why do you do this?" he had asked her once. "Don't you have any other means of earning a livelihood?"

"Well, at first it was thrust upon me," she had replied, tracing patterns in the dust on the window pane. "But now I love doing it."

Somewhat disturbed by the sincerity of her tone, he had offered her an alternative — that of a quiet, peaceful life without any worries. And after a lot of thought she had accepted it. The police had started becoming very strict lately. Every journey had been full of tension and at times she had wondered how long she could go on with this kind of life.

"You know, I quite like your wife," said Didibhai to Ratin when he came home from the factory that evening. "She speaks to me with the greatest respect. I just can't undersand how a girl like her could have been connected with smuggling rice."

"That's what I've always felt. Well, now she's in a proper home. Soon that part of her life will be a thing of the past. I want her to forget it as soon as possible. Do try and help her settle down her as quickly as she can."

So a month passed by. Swapna took a keen interest in the house work and learnt quickly. Soon she became quite an acomplished cook and housekeeper, but as the days changed to weeks, a strange restlessness seemed to seize her. She couldn't explain it to herself. She only felt, very vaguely, that something in her restful life was wrong.

One afternoon while she lay in bed vainly trying to sleep, a sudden longing came upon her. She tried hard to brush it aside but she couldn't. She closed her eyes in despair.

And suddenly she was with the rest of them again racing down an empty railway yard. Her hair was flying, the bundle of rice by her side was jogging up and down and her pulse was racing. Soon sweat started pouring down her forehead and into her eyes. But she couldn't stop. The policeman who was chasing her was not the sympathetic type. Panting for breath till it hurt, she hurled herself against the ticket collector at the gate. He had not expected this. He staggered and fell. And within two seconds she was completely out of sight and safe.

Swapna smiled at the memory. This was life — not sitting at home like a demure wife cooking and keeping house for her husband.

But she had not always maneged to escape, she reminded herself. She had been caught by the police quite a few times and sent to jail. One of her gang would then go back to Tribeni and tell her sister and her sister would come and pay a fine and get her freed, cursing her for her carelessness all the while.

But even so, her present existence was nothing compared to that life. The risks were worth it — they were what made it all the more challenging. And as the memory of the excitement and thrill overpowered her senses, the dullness of her present life seemed more evident to her.

Swapna had an air of suppressed excitement about her as she ate her lunch with Didibhai the next afternoon. Didibhai was too drowsy to notice it. "Go to sleep," Swapna insisted. "I'll do the washing up."

Didibhai was fast asleep before Swapna finished. She tiptoed to Didibhai's room and looked at her sleeping face. Ratin must never hear of what she planned to do and, as long as she returned before he did, he never would. She quietly made her way to the back door and opened the latch slowly. Her gang had always liked her. They wouldn't mind if she joined them in the afternoon once in a while. She closed the door and then sped to Howrah station where she knew the others would soon be arriving and waited there with a pounding heart.

THE EDUCATION SYSTEM: blazing no new trails, breaking no new ground

Despite structural changes and fresh formulae, our education remains the same—sterile and unrelated to the needs of the country

For more than 25 years, the leaders of our country contemplated radical changes in our antiquated, imperialist-oriented educational system. Committees were appointed, volumes were filled to analyse the malaise. Finally, they hit upon a solution (borrowed partly from the Americans, of course) — the 10+2+3 scheme. But the drawing up of this scheme is only the first step. It is in its implementation that the real intentions and attitudes of our planners and policy-makers is evident.

In Maharashtra, the switchover to the 10+2+3 pattern has already begun. But before the courses are finalized, it would be useful to evaluate those that have been offered at the +2 level, to judge how effective the planners have been in breaking away from the old pattern and outdated ideas, and blazing new trails in evolving a modern and socially relevant education.

Much criticism has been levelled at the new scheme, the focus being on the unplanned and haphazard way in which it was introduced. But what I want to point out is that the new scheme does not really break new ground as far as changing the content of our education is concerned, and this is really the crucial aspect.

SOCIOLOGY

I will deal with one of the social sciences, sociology, a relatively new social science which is fast becoming popular. The ruling classes are becoming aware of its usefulness, as a means of finding information and presenting distorted interpretations of reality. It is being hailed as a social science which is both comprehensive and practical, therefore it has been introduced at the higher secondary stage. But care has been taken to see that the courses do not differ significantly from those taught at the B. A. level.

The syllabus for General Sociology being taught in Std XI has been picked up from an average American Sociology textbook. And this is the same kind of Sociology that is being attacked in the USA by new sociologists for being abstract and for avoiding major social issues!

In Std XII students are meant to study Indian society. The reason for this, one is told, is to relate Sociology to India. But one look at the syllabus arouses pity for the teachers who have to teach it, and the students who have to "mug" it.

The syllabus begins with the study of classical Hindu social thought — all about Karma and Dharma. To begin by studying Hindu philosophy with no prior study of the society in which it emerged makes it a study of abstract philosophical doctrines. Then follows a study of the three segments of Indian society — tribal, rural and urban — as they exist today. The next topic jumps back to the past, to the various social institutions like caste, religion, family and then again a leap to the present — social change in India. There is no logical link between one topic and the next. The syllabus as it has been framed does not show the links between the various institutions, and how they are products of a certain socio-economic process.

It should have dealt with the historical development of Indian society, how its various institutions developed and changed as a part of the changes in the total social structure. Instead, one gets a fragmented, disconnected study of social institutions and social change with little social history.

If the syllabus is bad, the textbooks that have been prescribed by the State Board of Higher Secondary Education, do nothing to improve the situation. That such books can be prescribed officially gives the lie to all the tall statements being made by the framers of this new education system about improving standards and disseminating true information. Not only is the English poor, and the style of presentation bad, but even misconceptions are boldly stated as eternal truths. A few examples will explain what I mean.

One of the textbooks very boldly asserts, "The Hindus were absorbed in speculating over the problems of the other world rather than the practical problems of the society in which they lived." This myth of India being a land of meditating yogis and mystic Brahmins was first spread by the British. It helped to make people believe that "backward" India needed the "practical" British to run it.

Historians have proved that the speculative, idealistic **advaita** and **vedanta** philosophies were among many conflicting schools of philosophy prevailing at that time. And, anyway, such philosophizing was done by a small section of the people. An overwhelming majority of them were largely concerned with mundane material and social activities. How else could India have survived for so many thousands of years? India was famous around the world, not for **Karma** or **Moksha**, but for her wealth and excellent handicrafts. And yet our textbook writers and leading sociologists insist on parroting the imperialist tale about the Indians absorbed in speculating about the other world!

SLAVISH ATTITUDE

One is left feeling amazed at the kind of ideal interrelationship that is traced in the same book between tribal, rural and urban India. The textbooks depict the tribals gradually becoming part of rural India, rural India getting T.V.s, fertilizers and modern ideas from the urban areas, and the surplus labour migrating from villages to cities. If only the relationship between the three sections of society were as equal and mutually beneficial as outlined above! We would then have no poverty, no frustrations, no slums and of course, all round progress and happiness.

One more blatant example to prove that we have not yet shaken off our slavish attitude towards our former colonizers: Referring to the Panchayat system that Lord Ripon tried to intr duce in 1882, the book stat "The local administration w intended to be a instrument political and popular educati which was considered grea than administrative efficienc

Around the same time, A. Hume (founder of the Indi National Congress) was telli the then Governor Gene about the tremendous disconte brewing in all parts of India a result of famines, heavy re nue, collections, etc. The Brit planners, these writers are t ing to prove to us, had Indi well-being and progress in mi when they passed any legisl ion. If they had been, they wo not have been extracting su high revenues, neglecting irri tion, destroying our handicra and taking all the wealth out India. Panchayats were set probably in an effort to du Indians into believing that British were going to be de cratic and welfare-oriented. colonizer in history has been benevolent. If he were he wou n't be an oppressor. The Brit were no different in spite their smooth talk and good m ners.

HALF TRUTHS

The other prescribed textb does not fare any better in ing out lies and half truths students. When describing various religions that are foll ed in India, it is content w merely stating the main te of all the religions. But whe comes to Hinduism it is praise. And we get stateme like: "Hinduism religion is e changing and dynamic. I youthful today because it l beyond. It looks behind and nects yesterday with today that today should be a conn ing link between the past the future. . . Hinduism is a sect but a fellowship of who accept the law of right earnestly seek for truth. Lav an embodiment of Reality Truth, and the Divine, i.e. G . . A Hindu can be an atheis an agnostic.. . .Like Islam Christianity, Hinduism is als religion based on rational democratic principles."

All these outpourings amo to merely churning out w just to impress the reader. these statements be conside as a scientific description Hinduism? The term religio being used in the broadest man's meaning of it. Can thi allowed in a textbook of So logy which is supposed to b science?

Apart from the fact that above statements smack of Hi chauvinism, they also di facts. First of all, it is a con diction in terms to say tha person who believes in a part

lar religion can be an atheist. Then, according to this definition of Hinduism, even Einstein, Aristotle and Socrates were Hindus, for they too were seeking Truth. Also, can any religion be considered to be rational? Even if it can, the authors do not tell us why they have singled out only Islam, Christianity and Hinduism for this honour. They go one step further when they claim that Hinduism is democratic. The authors have obviously chosen to forget that it is Hinduism which gives religious sanction to the caste system and the practice of untouchability. Worse than all these distortions is the lack of understanding that the authors display on the sociological approach to religion. Any religion has to be studied sociologically in a manner to show the socio-economic conditions in which it arose and how it affects the social relations and social interactions in a particular society.

A textbook written for students has to be simple, one admits. But this cannot be interpreted, as these textbook writers have done, as licence to make sweeping generalisations not based on fact. Thus they merrily claim that things have changed today to the extent that the educated youth "have grown so individualistic that they select their brides themselves entirely on the basis of their individual qualities and their own needs, irrespective of their family or group considerations." Or that in "advanced countries servants are admitted as members of the household." Though love marriages are on the increase, it cannot be said that even one-fourth of our educated young men select their own wives without family considerations. Similarly with their second claim. First of all one never hears of servants being engaged in the West, except by millionaires. And secondly, are the blacks and Latin Americans who do most of the menial jobs in the US treated as social equals in the "advanced" countries?

These are just a few glaring examples of wrong information that abound in the texts that are officially prescribed. This is the stuff that students will learn in an effort to become "socially aware." Considering the no-questions-asked attitude that the students are encouraged to have by the authorities, it is very unlikely that they will try to acquire the right facts.

Excuses can be manufactured by the dozen to explain away this state of affairs. After, all, the scheme is in an experimental stage, it has been implemented in a great hurry, mistakes are bound to be made, but they can be easily corrected. In the meantime, the students must bear with them in patience. But they have to suffer a combination of imperialist-originated lies and third-rate Indian scholarship.

The slums on the Western Express highway have their walls facing the highway painted in bright colours and bold designs to hide the filth and squalor from the eyes of visiting foreigners. The 10+2+3 scheme is just like these walls.

A. S.

He died one Monday. I saw the black headlines as I walked to the station on a cold and windy morning. I remember particularly because I missed the 8.20 Ladies Special. People stopped along the street to read how he had died. The short account did not mention the details. They would come in later in the day. The people on the street moved off again. Perhaps they were thinking a great man had died. Maybe mothers hoped their sons would grow up to be like him. But I was thinking how many times he had shot me dead on the front lawn.

Wars are for children. To be fought inch by inch across the drawing room carpet, over the sofa cushions, under the dining room table and out the front door. Death is to be died with a bang, bang, bang, though you know you got him first. Battles are for brothers to nobly win and little sisters to tearfully lose. Pillows are for throwing at bedtime when mummy and daddy are out to dinner.

And then when prayers are said and goodnights spoken, sleep is to be slept because Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town, upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown. Looking in the windows, knocking at the doors, to see all good children are in bed. It's past eight o'clock!

The sunshine is to grow in and the grass for four-leaved clovers to hide in. The trees are for brothers to climb and sisters to get stuck in. Miles are to be walked because he can. Hunting is for boys and cooking for girls. Flowers are to be loved by you and scorned by him. Frogs are for you to be frightened of and for him to chase you with. But most of all — rain is to get wet in and puddles to jump into.

Lessons are to be learnt. 2x2 will always make 4. 3 X 4 is 12. Mountain is a word he can spell and you cannot. Oslo is the capital of Norway and India is in Asia. Rivers start in the snowy mountains and flow down to the sea. His sea is not as nice as your sea. The world is round and Henry was a king. The Vikings were sailors who wore funny hats. But, strangest of all, caterpillars turn into butterflies.

Birthdays are grand days. Days to have parties in and big cakes with candles to blow out. He always has two more than you. Other children are to make friends and play with. In school you must never go near him because it is disgraceful for boys to have girls as sisters. Arguments are for you to take his side in because he is your brother.

The girls play hop-skotch while the boys spin tops. Knees are to be grazed and mended with criss-crosses of tape. Teeth are to fall out and sometimes to pull out. Only girls cry at injections. Chicken-pox is uncomfortable but it is fun when he gets it too. Exams are to be sat for and sometimes to be studied for also. Classes are for him to top and for you to stand outside. But best of all, brothers are for you to be sisters to.

Years are for passing and time is for flying. Shoes and secrets are to be outgrown. He stops to help you down a hill or across a dry ditch. You begin to worry about your nails and hair. And one day he opens a door for you and pulls out a chair for you. Then brothers become men.

My brother died on a Monday. I saw the black headlines as I walked to the station on a cold and windy morning. I remember particularly because I missed the 8.20 Ladies Special.

Chandralekha Maitra

Devi

Komal (Poonam Chandiramani) went around Linking Road bazar buying sarees, chappals, nighties. Whilst the bills were being punched, she coyly told no one in particular that she would marry Shatrughan Sinha in July.

That means Poonam will first have to move out of Shatru's house, rather his bedroom, to enter it again with music (shehnai to be exact) and mantras.

Maybe that is one of the reasons why Shatrughan Sinha arranged an accidental meeting with Reena Roy in London. Reena Roy went around Oxford Street in a peacock silk kaftan with a maila shawl and a thick layer of pimples.

THE STARS DESCEND ON LONDON

Together with a prescription for a clean, clear skin, the salesgirl offered her a good detergent for washing woollens.

* * *

And the salesgirls of the Woolworths department stores kept wondering about Rekha. They had been told to keep a watch on her. "Is she a big shot in India?" asked a wide-eyed salesgirl of one of the Indians. Who could she be? A politician, singer, editor of a woman's magazine? When told she was a top star, the salesgirl almost fainted. Rekha was accompanied by a surma eyed gora chikna patla chokra who hangs around the Natraj Studio.

Yash Chopra shopped in "Mothercare" (shop for pregnant women) whilst pregnant wife Pam shopped for paperbacks which she can edit, abridge and present on typed sheets to Yash and jalofy Salim-Javed.

And Goldie was honeymooning with niece-cum-wife Sushma.

Last but not least Dharam was pinned to a shoeshop. For hours he watched the shoes (I suppose next time he will say it with shoes) and his wife Prakash discarded her saree, bindya and the karela desi look. Instead, she moves around London streets licking two ice-cream cones simultaneously in a maxi long enough to clean the streets.

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hi ya honey!

By the wife of an Alves called Johnnie

MY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
thank you for your sympathies

I write this on my 30th wedding anniversary. God! I should be presented with a medal for courage and bravery. Someone used it as a joke recently, but it actually happened to me. Ten years after my marriage to him, it was enough. I was ready to give up. Divorce was out of the question, separation impossible.

So I consulted my friend Owen the lawyer. "Owen," I said, "I have a foolproof method of murdering him." "I am not surprised," he said, "but I warn you. If you are caught, and I think you will be, you'll be sent to jail for 20 years."

If I had not listened to Owen, I would be a free woman to-day.

"Congratulations!" he said to me as he came down from the bedroom, kissed me on the cheek, and continued, "You are married to the most sought-after husband this side of the Suez Canal."

His stub nose is always in the air, so I said, "Now what have you done? I didn't see your name in the wanted list. Nobody would offer a reward for your capture."

He looked at me sideways and replied, "I don't think that joke is in good taste, and not on the happiest day of your life."

I had a ready reply for that, but I've known marriages falter on less, so I said, "Ha! ha!" and went back to work.

I presented him with an expensive shirt, which he accepted and said, "Now, what did you have to do that for? I don't need a shirt. Anyway, thanks."

Then, pointing to where his heart is, he said, "What more valuable gift could I give you my darling than my heart? Your name is written in gold in there." Then he blew me a kiss and went to office.

When he went away, I sat down with a cup of coffee and began to ruminate on the more than ten thousand days I had spent with him. I could not help wondering how many other names were written in gold in that little heart of his.

Some of my friends rang me up to congratulate me, others asked me to bear with him, and yet some others wondered how I managed all these years. The female callers, on finding him at work, said, "Never mind. I'll ring him at office."

He rang me two hours later and said, "There'll be a few friends as usual for dinner. See that you lay out a good spread."

"But John, this is our day. We should go out and have dinner together as we used to."

"I've already committed myself. Maybe next year."

When will husbands realise that some wives do not want friends around on their wedding anniversaries? Some of us wives are sentimental. The wedding anniversary means a lot to us. Instead of spending a happy evening with my husband of 30 years, I spent a miserable day preparing for the evening party.

He came home from the office, dragging his feet and hardly strong enough to carry his attache case. "What have you special for tea, then?" he asked with not a word of how I spent the day preparing for the evening party.

"Terrible day at work. Imagine having so much work on my wedding anniversary. No consideration for me at all." I had the table lamp in my hand, but I didn't have the courage. Besides, the prospect of seeing the Evening News was not encouraging, "Wife knocks the daylights out of her husband with a table lamp — a wedding anniversary gift."

By eight in the evening, after a shave, shampoo and whatever else that begins with an S, he was looking like the late Onassis, with all those efforts made to look young and smell sweet. Every female guest got a hug and a kiss that would send Elizabeth Taylor hurrying for a divorce had Burton done it.

He was the hero of the evening, sending out commands to bring the drinks, serve the eats, lay out the dinner.

At dinner the guests paid me a left-handed compliment, "Lovely food. Your wife is a good cook."

The final blow came when I was washing the huge pile of dishes. "Wonderful evening, Babs. Great party. We must do it again." I stared blankly at the wall. Should I use the saucepan or the pressure cooker?

Until next time then!

Eve's Weekly-Corn Products Quiz Contest-3

HEGMAN

1. Who was the first non-Russian, non-American astronaut to go into space?
2. The Commonwealth Games will be held at Edmonton later this year. Where and when were the first Commonwealth Games held?
3. Lee Oswald was accused of shooting President Kennedy. Who shot Lee Oswald?
4. Which planet has two moons, Phobos and Demos?
5. Which insect among the following — cockroach, mosquito, termite — has been around for a million years and has successfully evaded every attempt to eradicate it?
6. Which two famous painters founded the Cubism Movement in painting?
7. If 1975 was International Women's Year, which year was celebrated as Human Rights Year?
8. Which four news agencies made up the former national news agency, "Samachar"?
9. Which religious movement was started by Mary Baker Eddy in 1886?
10. Who, among these four people, cast no reflection in any mirror — Alice (of Wonderland fame), Captain Nemo, Dracula, Sherlock Holmes?
11. Australia has two monotremes — the platypus and the spiny anteater. What are monotremes?
12. In May this year, the world celebrated the Silver Jubilee of one of man's most daring feats. Which one?

This is the third of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Win Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly if you are first with an all-correct entry.

The next 10 all correct entries will win a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly.

There is no entry fee. But remember that the first eleven entries that arrive at our office by mail have the greatest chance of winning.

Please mark "Quiz Contest 3" on the outside of your envelopes.

For answers to Quiz Contest 2, see page 45.

people and events

Mrs. Bakul Patel, Chairman of the Revenue Unit, National As
tion for the Blind (NAB), welcomes the chief guest, invitees
participants at the "Splashdown" sponsored by the Revenue
and the Inter-Panna Clubs of Bombay Doordarshan. Seated are,
left, Mrs. Kapadia, Mr. M. N. Thirunarayanan, engr.-in-charge,
bay Doordarshan Kendra, chief guest Mr. N. N. Kapadia, Sher
Bombay and Mr. Vijay Merchant, president, NAB.

LEFT: Mr. R. M. Anklesaria, executive manager, Ambassador group of hotels, seen with Hema Malini, chief guest, who released the Texcom "Dream Saree," at a dinner hosted at Ajanta Ambassador, Aurangabad, by Texcom, Marathwada. Seen at right is Mrs. Shobha Doctor of Concept Marketing & Advertising, Bombay.

Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style, (ext. left) was chief guest at the P
University Women's Association's (UWA) Silver Jubilee Year's inaugural function. Here she is s
with from left Miss Farida Sajan, Eve's Weekly's Pune correspondent, Mrs. Ratna Khemani,
Prabha Deodhar, president, UWA, (back to the camera) Mrs. B. Ginwalla and Mrs. Frene Tarap
Seen at right are members of the audience.

ABOVE: Mrs. Rajwinder Singh (ext. right), inaugurates Woman's World, Jabalpur, to be run by Miss Anupama Sood (ext. left) under franchise rights of Shahnaz Husain's Woman's World, New Delhi. With them is Mrs. Saroj Sood.

BELOW: Hotel Harsha, Bangalore, held a demonstration of Mexican Cooking by Mrs. Graciala Byrd, (centre) a famous Mexican restaurateur. With her are the Hotel's PRO Mrs. Prem Chinniah, Mrs. Ayesha Begum Yahya, wife of Karnataka's Finance Minister, Mrs. Sunitha Baljee, wife of the mg. partner, and Mr. Ajoy Das, manager.

LEFT: Mrs. Nobuko S
(6th from left) seen w
members of the Combi
tion Club, Calcutta, at
demonstration of rib
flower-making for them.

BELOW: Mrs. Sarla Ja
cuts the ribbon at the
ening of the new build
of Madhumita Sangha,
ladies' club of Dibrug
Assam. Seen with her fr
left, are Mrs. Madhobi I
ta, president, Mrs. An
Sarma, Mrs. Pijus B
secretary and Mrs. B
Bala Dutta, vice-presid

bombay

Employees of Hindustan Organic Chemicals Ltd. (HOC) have taken up a challenging welfare scheme — the Community Vision Project.

The project is aimed at helping poor people afflicted with eye diseases, in the villages surrounding Rasayani, in the Panvel/Khalapur talukas. While eye ailments are treated free by a HOC medical team and visiting eye surgeons, spectacles are sold for Rs. five a pair and operations performed for Rs. ten each. So far, 460 patients have been treated, 50 have received spectacles and seven have been operated upon.

* * *

Mrs. Mrinal Gore, MP, lashed out at gas companies for not making liquid petroleum gas (LPG) available to the poor.

Addressing a public meeting organised by the All India Gas Cylinder Users' Association, Mrs. Gore decried the siphoning off of the deposit amount paid by the five lakh gas users in Bombay by the monopoly agencies without the payment of any interest.

Urging housewives to mobilise themselves against this exploitation, Mrs. Gore stressed the need to prevent consumers from taking the easy way out by giving bribes for a new connection.

Mr. Mahendra Thakker, President of the Association, welcoming those present, outlined the difficulties faced by helpless consumers of gas.

pune

The Pune University Women's Association's (UWA) Silver Jubilee Year was inaugurated when Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style, lit the lamp at the inaugural function held here recently.

Heading a discussion on "Women perform a double duty", Mrs. Ewing pointed out the difficulties faced by working women who have to "serve two bosses", and then be judged by the "most ugly parameters of tradition and religion."

Nirmala Rao introduced Mrs. Ewing. Dr. Prabha Deodhar, President, UWA, welcomed Mrs. Ewing and felicitated UWA's past presidents. She called on those present to build up UWA as a vigilant organisation. Dr. Gulcher Coyaji gave the vote of thanks. Mrs. Ratna S. Khemani later hosted a dinner at her residence.

UWA of Pune was started in June 1953, largely due to the initiative taken by Mrs. Shanta Bhandarkar. From the initial 50, the membership is now 221. They plan to build a working women's hostel in their Silver Jubilee Year.

aurangabad

Texcom arranged a fashion show at Aurangabad on June 4 which was different from normal commercial fashion shows. This show, at which film star Hema Malini was the chief guest, was arranged by Texcom and Mrs. Salome Roy Kapur for Texcom workers and the weavers of Marathwada. The show was aimed at giving them an idea of the end product of their labour and the way in which the finished fabrics can be used.

The show was attended by Texcom dealers from all over the country.

The highlight of this show was the release of Texcom's "Hema Malini Dream Saree" which, like the proverbial **Dacce-ki malmal** can pass through a ring. The saree's design was selected by Hema Malini, and it was woven by weavers from Marathwada.

ootacamund

Mrs. Geetha Dharmarajan, wife of the Collector of the Nilgiris, organised a brainstorming session to pinpoint the pressing needs of children in the district, under the aegis of the Women's Voluntary Service, the Guild of Service, and the Y.W.C.A. at the Lawley Institute. Mr. Dharmarajan presided over the meeting and the Maharaja and Maharani of Porbundar were the chief guests. Mrs. Indu K. Mallah proposed the vote of thanks.

kerala

The Noopura institute of Mohini Attam, Trivandrum, gave an impressive performance in Cochin under the auspices of the Sharda Krishnier Memorial Fine Arts Society. Justice P. N. Bhagavathi of the Supreme Court was the chief guest. The programme commenced with an invocatory item by a team of five girls, reminiscent of the ancient form of the Mohini Attam when it was performed in the temples of Kerala. The repertoire also included a few folk dances, including a gypsy dance by Kumari Rajaswari and the snake charmer's dance by Kumari Sreeje and master Chandarn.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY — CORN PRODUCTS QUIZ CONTEST — 2

1. U Thant.
2. The muezzin.
3. Alexander Selkirk.
4. Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" (1928).
5. Democratic Kampuchea.
6. French.
7. Sunil Gavaskar, Shanta Rangaswamy.
8. Iodine isn't mined. It is obtained from oceanic flora and fauna.
9. As Lewis Caroll, he wrote "Alice in Wonderland".
10. E.N.I.A.C. Electronics Numerical Integrator and Calculator.
11. General George S. Patton.
12. a) Mr. Godey Murahari.
    b) Mr. Ram Niwas Mirdha.

WIN RS 50 and

Mr. C. B. Thadani of Bombay wins the First Prize of Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly for sending in the first all-correct entry.
See Quiz No. 3 on page 43.

world of eve

IRA CHAKRAVARTI

When she was just 14, Ira Chakravarti was working as Assistant Secretary of the Lady Mary Herberts War Fund at Mymensing and doing jobs for the Red Cross and WAC.

Her marriage in 1947 to Mr. A. K. Chakravarti, now GM, Metropolitan Transport Project, (MTP) Calcutta, gave her opportunities to travel and she organised Mahila Samities with family planning and counselling centres and opened schools for the children of Class III and IV railway employees. These Samities train women so that they can supplement their family income.

Ira is founder-secretary of the Eastern Railway Women's Organisation and is a member of the National Council of Bharat Scouts and Guides. The M.T.P. branch of the Railway Women's Organisation of which Ira is the President, provides scholarships and sports equipments to students.

A prize-winning needlewoman, Ira loves music

MOHINDER SINGH

Born in a family of music lovers, Mrs. Mohinder Singh's love for sketching flowered only after her marriage to Maj. Gen. Avtar Singh, AVSM, who is both her "fan and critic".

Starting with pencil sketches and water colours, she changed over to oil painting when encouraged by the Principal of Dehradun's Kala Kendra, Mr. Durjin Sen. In this medium, her talent has found full expression.

She has held exhibitions in Simla and at Delhi at the AIFAC's hall. Her series of paintings called "The Dumb Companions" exhibited at Secunderabad was inspired by ruins around Kutb Minar and in Secunderabad. Two paintings are now with the Hyderabad Museum.

Mrs. Singh's style has evolved from realism to abstract painting. Having lived in remote areas at which her husband has been posted, she has grown close to Nature. She also writes Urdu poetry.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Lucky Jupiter is prominent in your birthday chart, pointing to you taking a step up in the world! Money stars are strong and lively, indicating that any changes will be profitable. Try to expand your ideas — you can stay in the same scene too long, you know, stay loyal beyond limits to people you've outgrown. A busy social life and a new romance begins suddenly, ardently! Any form of communication or minor change will tend to benefit you; one thing is certain, you will get a helping hand from people in influential positions, or any branch of "officialdom."

For the week July 9-15, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

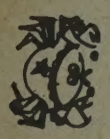
Luck should come from all directions this week — as long as you present yourself in a good light. You'll get a helping hand, a helpful attitude from people, can ask favours. A changeable time for your love life, but not to your disadvantage. The 10th and 15th are good days for bargains.

TAURUS (Apr 21 — May 21)

Communication is the key to success, not only this week but for quite some time ahead. Get around, be a little more adventurous in leisure time — but this is not to say reckless, of course! On the 12th, exciting stars begin to affect your emotional life, boosting your self-confidence.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Extra money for you, also a super chance to get yourself a little luxury item at a bargain price. A restless atmosphere affects home life, could make for changes soon — or perhaps a relative may demand your time and attention. Plenty of chances to flirt, but a serious romance eludes you for a few weeks.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Be quick off the mark if you see an opportunity to better yourself. You won't have such progressive and happy stars affecting you again for a year or two. Yet, present good fortune takes you to the end of 1978 at least. A short journey or interview has a happy outcome, mid-week.

LEO (July 24 — Aug 23)

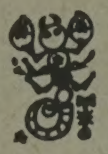
You are good at organising yourself — and others too, sometimes! However, this week there will be sudden changes, extra little jobs that have to be done, also more invitations than you can really handle. Cut out the trivialities so you don't miss all the fun that offers -- and give plenty of time to romance.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Several planets are affecting you, giving you plenty of "get-up-and-go!" Take a bold attitude in most areas of activity; push yourself into whatever is going on. A new excitement in your love life, with someone new coming into your scene around mid-week. The picture ahead looks very bright!

LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Should you have a little health or beauty worry, sort it out during July and get it off your mind. This week, the 14th/15th are good dates — and also for anything "confidential." If you are after secret information, now's your chance! You will soon be in an exciting — but busy — period!

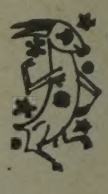


SCORPIO (Oct 24 — Nov 22)

That special hope or dream you have been nursing for some time is certain to succeed in the near future. You'll get a helping hand through a sudden change that occurs. The accent is on friendships, social activity, new hobbies, this week. The more you get around, the luckier you'll be.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Give some thought to your budge — you can manage things muc better, so having spare cash to bu special items that seem beyond yo at present. Dust down that ambitio you have had to abandon in the re cent past; it can succeed in th months ahead! A good week for buy ing home equipment.

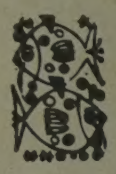


CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Although you must watch you spending until the end of August a least, there is no need to worry ove much. You may find it hard to a tain a special goal, either careerwis or in family life, but disappoin ments in these areas are temporar Look on the bright side; get soci relaxation.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

No one can say you are having a easy time of it! Busy trends cont nue — and you can't count on get ing much cooperation either! won't be any good losing your tem per; others have the advantage present. You will just have to fit as best you can — and take life an people less seriously.



PISCES (Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Feel that you are being treated u fairly at present, taken for granted Well, you are probably right, but d something positive rather tha brood. Current difficulties fade in few weeks and everything will su denly click into a happier patter

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 15, 1978

THE MONSOONS : BOMBAY WEARS A WET LOOK

• It's difficult to look good in the monsoons, but handy tips on grooming for the rains help you make the best of it. A special fashion feature suggests smart raincoats to get made.

• For the large population of Bombay's citizens whose home is the pavement, the monsoons mean three months of utter misery.

COACHING CLASSES : A Necessary Evil?

Coaching classes have become an institution — if not a business — in India today. Many of them are sub-standard, and there seems to be no control over the quality of this popular educational aid.

PROFILE

Interview with Mohsina Kidwai, the victor from Azamgarh.

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baby cereal cream of rice

contains 11 vitamins plus iron

When it's time to give your baby solid food, start him on nutritious Cream of Rice, the solid food fortified with 11 vitamins and iron in addition to protein, carbohydrates and minerals.

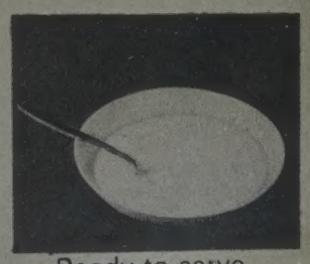
Nestum Cream of Rice is gentle and easy to digest, so you can start your baby on it from two months onwards.

To make Nestum nutritionally complete, always prepare it with milk.

Maximum Price **Rs. 7.00** Local Taxes Extra

Pour pre-boiled milk

Add Nestum & mix



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Nestum® baby cereal

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Binaca® Toothbrush

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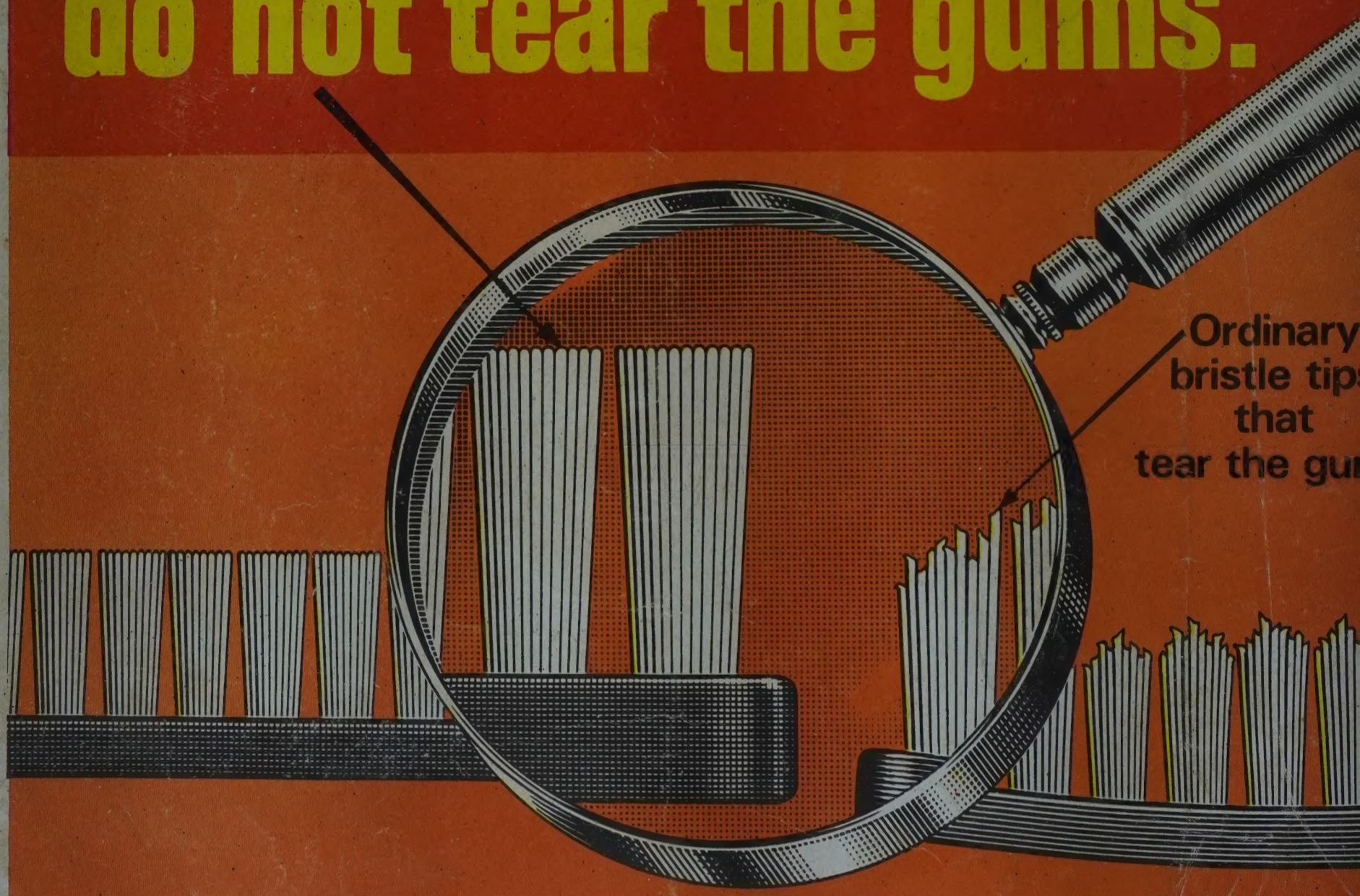
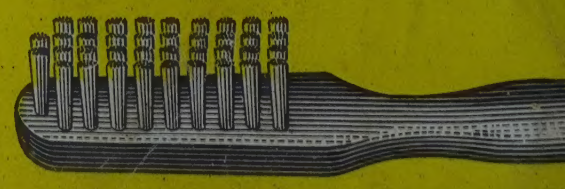


A Binaca Toothbrush
for all ages, all preferences.

India's largest selling toothbrush



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